The Observer and Gazette.

OBSERVER ESTABLISHED 1825.
GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1873.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

NEW SERIES: VOL. I.—NO. 19.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

Office: 17 and 19 Green Street, next to Overbaugh House.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year (in advance).....2 00
Six months (in advance).....1 00

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Yearning for the End.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep;
No towering shaft or sculptured urn,
Or mausoleum's empty pride,
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled briars and creeping vine
Across the crumbled tablets stray;
The summer's sky is softly blue,
The birds still sing the sweet old strain,
But something from the summer-time
Is gone that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed,
So many songs have ceased for aye,
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay;
The noisy world recedes from me,
I chafe to hear its praise or blame—
The mossy marbles echo back
No hollow sound of empty fame.

I only know that calm and still
They sleep beyond life's woe and wail,
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale;
I only feel that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond,
On fields that shine supremely fair.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Three Fishers.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West—
Out into the West as the sun went down:
Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown:
But men must work and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work and women must weep,
The sooner it's o'er the sooner to sleep—
Good-by to the bar and its moaning.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

Ex-Gov. Seymour is dead.

Debate on the Blair Educational Bill commenced last Thursday.

Charles Hermann, the wife murderer, was hanged at Buffalo, N. Y., last Friday.

Secretary Whitney favors the construction of half a dozen steel cruisers for the navy.

Another anti-Chinese outbreak took place on the 10th inst., at Olympia, in Washington Territory.

The House of Representatives, at its last Friday evening's session, passed seventy-one pension bills.

A livery stable was destroyed by fire in St. Louis on the 11th inst., and 58 horses were burned to death.

The Kentucky State Senate has passed a bill establishing the whipping-post for wife-beaters. *Very good.*

King Milan has ordered the entire Servian army to the field fully equipped for war, to undergo six weeks' drill.

Col. R. W. Pulliam, one of the most prominent citizens of that section, died at Asheville, N. C., on the 9th inst.

The Secretary of War and several prominent army officers accompanied Gen. Hancock's remains to Norristown, Pa.

In the Parliamentary contest at Galway, Ireland, O'Shea, Parnellite, received 1,017 votes, against 65 for Lynch.

George Driscoll, a wealthy merchant of Springfield, Ohio, was shot and killed by burglars in his house on the 10th inst.

Gen. Sheridan has assumed immediate command of the Division of the Atlantic until the President assigns a successor to Gen. Hancock.

On the morning of the 10th inst. fire destroyed the dwelling of C. T. Kayner, Jamestown, N. Y., and he and his wife were burned to death.

An elevator fell at the Mecklenburg Iron Works, Charlotte, N. C., and John Springs and Will Austin, two colored workmen, were instantly killed.

John G. Thomas, Land Claim Agent of Washington Territory, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, died last Thursday at Seattle.

The German government bill for colonizing Prussian Poland with German settlers to replace the exiles, provides 100,000,000 marks to defray the expenses of colonization.

Last week a riot occurred at Ronald, Va., caused by a crowd of drunken negroes attempting to take the town. Help was called for from Christianburg, and the rioters were imprisoned.

News comes from Reading, Lancaster, New Brunswick and other sections of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to the effect that the formation of ice-gorges is overflowing the lowlands and causing great damage to property.

Gladstone is preparing a bill providing for the appropriation of land in Ireland, which will precede all other Irish measures that the government intends to present in Parliament; the question of home rule has been postponed until next session.

The business failures occurring throughout the country for the week ended 12th inst., as reported by R. G. Dun & Co's. agency, number 238 for the United States and 37 for Canada—total 275, as compared with 289 the week *before*. Business casualties continue heavy in the West, South and Canada, but light in the other sections.

Latest advices from London report the city at peace, the mob dispersed and the streets quiet. The panic, without a parallel in the history of London, has subsided, but tens of thousands of desperate men were gathered in the streets, and only needed some one more desperate than themselves to lead them to the wildest excesses.

MARRIAGE IN A COFFIN.

THE STRANGE PERFORMANCE DESCRIBED BY AN UNDERTAKER.

A Young Lady Receives the Nuptial Ring from the Finger of Her Dead Lover.

From the New York Sun.

"The queerest marriage ceremony I ever heard of," said Dr. Thomas Holmes, of Williamsburg, to a reporter of the *Sun* the other day, "was gone through with at 53 South Washington Square, on October 12, 1878. You see, the bridegroom was dead, and I embalmed him. After that was done a young girl, in deep mourning, stood by the coffin and a marriage ceremony was said, the girl answering for herself and one of the witnesses making the responses for the corpse. The dead man was a young French count, and I hear she called herself a countess after that. I didn't see the ceremony myself, but Jonas Stolts, the coffin-maker in the Bowery, did. The names have gone out of my head, too, but he can tell you."

Mr. Stolts was found among his coffins.

"It's true enough," said Mr. Stolts, "and I remember the wedding ceremony very distinctly. I witnessed it. I don't remember whether I signed as one of the witnesses or not."

By reference to his ledger he found, under date of October 12, 1878, an account headed, "Estate of Bethowski." "That's the name of the young man who was married in his coffin," said Mr. Stolts, and then he read the items of the funeral expenses. A $200 coffin had held the young man's body, and other articles brought the expense of his funeral up to $350.

"'They are going to marry him before they bury him,' one of my assistants came from the house to tell me. 'I heard the ladies talking about it.' I began to get interested, and went over myself.

"Before we put him into the satin-lined casket," said Mr. Stolts, "they dressed him in a wedding suit, propped him up in his room and photographed him for the bride. This was in the morning. In the afternoon I went over to see the wedding. The room in which the coffin lay was darkened, but there were candles lighted at the head of the coffin and at the foot. There were about a dozen persons present, and four ladies were dressed in deep mourning. They were all crying bitterly. There was no funeral service at all.

"It was getting to be time to screw on the lid of the casket, when a little man with gray hair brushed slightly up from the forehead, a gray moustache and old-fashioned glasses, walked to the head of the casket, beckoning to a young girl with blonde curls to follow him. The girl stood by the head of the casket and looked down at the face of the young man. She was crying. She wore widow's weeds, a bonnet and a long crape veil. The other three ladies in mourning walked up behind her.

"The little man began to talk in French. He said that the dead man and the girl had loved each other, and that had it not been for the young man's death they would have been married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. 'Why should they not be married now?' asked the little man. 'Was it not the young man's intention to marry the girl, and could not her soul, even though Max's spirit had left the body, be united to his spirit wherever it was? Bodies did not marry, he said, because marriages were made in heaven, where only the soul is recognized.

"All the ladies were weeping bitterly when the little man turned to the girl as he lifted the dead man's hand, on the third finger of which was a ring, and said:

"'Will you have this man, in the presence of these witnesses, for your husband?'

"The girl sobbingly replied, 'I will,' and the little man stooped over the coffin and peered into the face of the dead man and said:

"'Will you have this woman for your wife?'

"Then he straightened up and answered on behalf of the corpse, 'I will.' He took the ring from the dead man's finger, and placing it on the marriage finger of the young girl pronounced the two man and wife."

Mr. Stolts says that he and all present adjourned after the ceremony to another room, "where we had wine and cake, just as at any other wedding." Later in the day the body was taken to the vault in old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mott street, the bride, her mother and the little man, (the name of none of whom Mr. Stolts knew) and the relatives of the dead man being the chief mourners. The body was to remain in the vault until it could be removed to Paris for burial in Pere la Chaise. It remains in the vault to this day. Mr. Stolts, at the time of the strange ceremony, understood that it was the desire of the girl and her parents that she should take the young man's name because there was a title attached, and also that there were questions of property supposed to be involved in the ceremony.

The Graveyard on Broadway.

Quite dramatic in its strong contrasts is a view to be had from one of the stations of the New York elevated railroads. A graveyard is in the foreground. The stones are so old that the marble has darkened to granite, and they stand awry with crumpled edges, cracked surfaces and inscriptions nearly obliterated. This is a church yard that might adorn a rural meeting house, for all that its scattered graves and careless aspect indicate to the contrary; but the edifice alongside of which it lies is the famous Trinity, and the ground has a market value of about $125 per square foot. Indeed, an exceptional sale of a patch in the neighborhood requisite to complete a site for the Drexel building brought over $600 for each foot. Beyond this picturesquely rural burying ground Broadway, at the head of Wall street, is visible, with a crowd of hurrying persons and vehicles, and all around is the hurly-burly of New York's liveliest business quarters. The scrambling folks alive go past the fence, occasionally casting a glance through the iron slats at the place of the long-buried ones; but their small consideration is well represented in what Russell Sage said, as he gazed from the window of the Elevated Railroad Company's offices overlooking the plot: "I have seen this graveyard almost every day for twenty-five years, and I don't suppose I ever looked at it without feeling as though I'd like to go in and read the stones; but it would take at least ten minutes to do it, and I guess I'll have to wait till I retire from Wall street."

There are 175 orphans in Oxford Asylum.

A TOUCHING PICTURE.

The Pretty Baby and the Dying Mother.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Isn't he a pretty baby, John? See, look at him," and the mother holds up the creature to papa, who kisses and fondles him lovingly.

"Yes, Kate, he is a pretty baby, but Tom was a pretty baby too, you remember."

"Yes, Tom was a pretty baby—everybody said so," and she glances across the room at a sunny-faced four-year old; "but Willie is not like Tom. Willie's hair is light and his eyes"—looking wistfully into the baby's face—"are dark, and so deep that when I look into them I am almost afraid—they have such a far-away light, they seem to see something we cannot."

"Oh, nonsense! don't think that. He'll grow up to be a fine fellow. But, Kate, I wouldn't think so much about him; he's a dear, good little fellow, but I wouldn't worship him; it isn't right."

"As if I could help it," the mother says, reproachfully, pressing the slight form closer and looking into the dark eyes yearningly.

A month passes away, and one day they stand beside a small, white casket, within which the baby is sleeping. Ah, the mother's eyes were sharp, and when friends said, "What beautiful bright eyes he has," she saw the far-away look and knew it as the light that never was on the land or sea.

"Oh, John, John!" she moaned, "I knew he wasn't long for this world. I could see it in his eyes. O, my pretty baby!"

"Yes, dear, you were right," says papa, and there is a quiver in the firm voice; "if it had pleased God to have left him with us we would have cared for him the best we could, but we must give him up, for it is His will, and He knows what is best for us."

"Yes, I know," and she stoops and cuts a tiny wisp of hair from the baby's head. "Oh, John, you said I worshiped him. I did. O, I did, and, God forgive me, I can't be sorry for it now, he was such a dear, pretty baby."

Years pass on. Other babies are born. They are all pretty babies—every one who sees them says that, but none are like the baby with the far-away look. As they grow up they love to gather around mother's chair, and she never tires telling of the dark-eyed baby who went to live with God. And when with childish curiosity they open the Bible to look at the pictures, and find between the leaves a tiny wisp of hair tied with a white satin ribbon, they touch it reverently and whisper beneath their breath: "The pretty baby."

Years still pass on. The children grow to be sturdy men and women, and as the mother watches them she sometimes thinks: "If he had lived he would have been such a beautiful man," and then she smiles and is glad that in heaven there is no time, and that no matter how the others may change he is still the pretty baby.

One day they gather around her bed, and looking into each other's face mournfully whisper:

"She is dying."

She stretches her thin hand toward the table on which the old Bible rests, and they say:

"The baby's hair."

They place it in her hand. She kisses it tenderly and a bright light comes into the dim old eyes, and they say:

"What does she see?"

She smiles and whispers: "The pretty baby."

They place the wisp of hair on her breast and the wrinkled hands upon it, and tenderly lay her by the side of the pretty baby.

"Sunset" Cox and the Sultan.

From the New York World.

Mr. Fearn, of New Orleans, our new minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia, tells a good story on Mr. Cox. He went to his post at Athens *via* Constantinople. The Sultan cordially acceded to Mr. Cox's request to give Mr. Fearn an audience at the Yildez palace, on Friday, after Salemlik. There was much worry about these infant nations and their relations to Turkey, and Mr. Cox desired to have our minister to these States and the Porte on good terms. After the usual formalities were over the Sultan remarked to Mr. Fearn:

"It seems to me, Mr. Minister, it must give you great trouble, labor and travel to represent your country at three nations so far apart from each other."

"Allow me," said Mr. Cox, "to reply for my friend. Your majesty will understand that Mr. Fearn has not as much to occupy him with his three kings and two queens as I have with one king and——"

Thereupon Mr. Cox gave a sudden halt. Visions of innumerable queens in the next apartments floated before him. The Sultan helped Mr. Cox out of his dilemma by a cordial smile, which Mr. Fearn says colored his cheeks with modesty and brightened his eye with humor.

Another story on his colleague told Mr. Fearn is given below:

In making his calls of courtesy upon the minister of war, Ali Saib Pasha, Mr. Cox found the minister over head and ears in dispatches. These Ottoman ministers, however, are always polite. They offer coffee and cigarettes invariably to our foreign ministers. After partaking of these Mr. Cox presented his felicitations upon the accession of the new minister. After this was translated into Turkish by the dragoman, and another cigarette and coffee, Mr. Cox said: "When I ran for office in a Western agricultural State I never talked to a man at a threshing machine, especially if I wanted his vote." As the minister had just purchased a few American machines and tested them upon his farms in Asia Minor he understood. The irrepressible gravity of the Turk gave way, and he swallowed the chestnut, worm, shell and all.

The Origin of the Bridal Veil.

From the Boston Budget.

It was once the custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided and hanging over her shoulders. At the celebration of her marriage with the Palatine Elizabeth Stuart wore her hair disheveled and hanging down over her shoulders. It has been suggested that the bride's veil, which of late years has become one of the most conspicuous features of her costume, may be nothing more than a milliner's fanciful substitute, which in the olden times concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face as she knelt at the altar.

THE SNOW'S VICTIMS.

LOST IN THE GREAT WESTERN SNOW STORM.

Search for the Dead on the Plains—A Sad Story of Suffering and Death.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

SYRACUSE, Kansas, Jan. 20, 1886.—A trip on horseback over these plains on such a day as this, when the sun shines brightly and the air is crisp and bracing, is not an unpleasant experience, unless its object be such as that which has kept the settlers hereabouts busy for a week or more—the search for victims of the storm. Although there have been many colder days in Kansas than those experienced during the recent blizzard, there never was a fiercer wind nor a more blinding and cutting snow. For days it seemed as though the earth was wrapped in vapor, and objects not fifty feet away were not distinguishable.

When the storm subsided and the intense cold had moderated sufficiently to make it safe for men to venture out, reports were received of many fatalities, and since that time men have been busily at work scouring the plains in search of possible victims of the blast, and for the purpose of visiting remote habitations and relieving distress. Riding yesterday in the face of a keen northwest wind that scoured the prairie bare in some places, and in others polished the heaped-up masses of snow until they looked like brightest silver, a reseuing party came upon a little plain board shanty about twenty miles west of here that told plainly enough that death was within. On one side of the building the hard earth was swept clean, while on the other side the glittering and hard-crusted snow was piled from five to ten feet high. Against the door of the shanty the snow had beaten until it could scarcely be distinguished from the side of the house, while all about the place were evidences of a recent settlement and the hard beginnings of a pioneer life in the wilderness.

One of the horsemen dismounted at the cabin door, and, kicking the ice and snow away, finally forced his way into the wretched abode. Not a stick of furniture remained. The one stove was cold, and the floors and sides of the house were covered with frost. In some places on the north and west exposures, where little cracks were to be seen, some of them partly stuffed with rags, the snow had drifted in. A glance at the furthest corner revealed a mass of bedding, and under it, stiff in death, with frost on their hair but eyes closed as in sleep, were the bodies of a young woman and two little children. One of the children was wrapped tightly in the mother's arms and the other was clinging tightly to her back. No one spoke, but a further scrutiny sufficed to show how bitter had been the struggle, and how to the very last the woman had fought against the inevitable. The handle of the ax with which she had demolished the furniture had been burned, the blade itself being fished from the cheerless hearth, and so close had been the economy of fuel that, though everything that could be split had been used, not a splinter was to be found anywhere. Pinned against the door was a scrap of paper on which the woman had written:

We are going to bed. I have used everything I could find, and the fire is almost gone. We have had nothing to eat to-day. If you would only come! Little Mary cried for you to-night, and before we went to bed we all prayed for you and for us. I'm afraid about you—the storm is dreadful—but I also fear that if you come you will be too late.

"Where is the man?" some one asked.

"Lost, of course," was the reply of nearly all the others in concert.

One by one the men filed out into the bright sunshine and swept the horizon with their hand-shaded eyes. Everywhere snow and bleak, bare spots stretching away for miles and touching at last the blue above. Slowly the men mounted, and by common consent began a search of the country within a mile of the cabin. After a half hour or more spent in this way one of the riders spied an object which had been partly uncovered by a preceding horseman, and a moment later the body of a man was brought to view. A little to one side where the snow had been blown away were discovered the footprints of the wanderer, and without much difficulty, though they were lost sight of frequently, they were traced in one instance to a point not more than fifty rods from his own home. As he was empty-handed, it was evident that he had never got more than half a mile away on his search for relief, and that perhaps at the very time when his faithful wife and little ones were lying down to their last sleep he may have been plodding aimlessly but painfully in the dreary circle almost within sight of his own door.

The man's remains were conveyed to the house, and the men returned here to make arrangements for the burial of the unfortunates, whose names are at present unknown. Many other such cases are reported from the frontier counties.

A Fort as Well as a Temple.

From the Chicago News.

A year hence it is hoped that the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake, whose glittering white walls rise eighty feet above the ground and are not yet ready for the roof, may be completed. The walls have, above the foundation, a thickness of nine feet—solid hewn granite throughout. Pillars, stairways, floors and ceilings are chiefly of matched stone. The building resembles a fort more than a religious temple, and, in fact, is not intended to be a house of worship so much as a temple in which mysterious rites, such as are now performed in the endowment house, shall be celebrated. On the outside of the walls are symbolic carvings on three tiers of circular bosses. The topmost row bears blazing suns; the second, eight phases of the moon; the lowest, maps of various parts of the world. The suns, moons and stars are already cut, but the maps have not yet been carved. The temple has been built from church tithings, and up to its present state has cost about $2,000,000. Another million dollars will complete it, as the conditions of labor, transportation, etc., are much more reasonable now than in former years. On the day of its dedication it is implicitly believed by the saints that Jesus Christ will appear bodily to His people, and that their enemies will be vanquished and the millenium begin.

Feeling something sharp sticking out of his side, Harry Sinsabaugh, of Mattoon, Ill., made an examination and pulled therefrom a needle which his mother accidentally run into his side twenty years ago, when he was a boy.

PRESTON C. BROOKS.

The Man Who Woke One Morning and Found Himself Famous.

Ben Perley Poore in the Sunny South.

Preston C. Brooks, who acquired notoriety by his assault on Senator Sumner, was naturally an amiable and courteous gentleman. He had served as a lieutenant in the South Carolina volunteers in the Florida war, and as captain and colonel of the Palmetto regiment in the war with Mexico. At the assault on Chepultepec his two brothers were killed near him, and he received a wound which troubled him through life. Col. Brooks was over six feet in height, with a military figure, a clear complexion, sparkling black eyes, long black hair, a musical voice and a heartiness of manner which secured him many friends. Col. Brooks's fiery colleague, Mr. Keitt, persuaded him that it was his duty to chastise Mr. Sumner, for allusions in debate to his uncle, Senator Butler. Going up to the Senator from Massachusetts, as he sat at his desk bending over his writing, he struck him over the head with a hollow gutta percha cane, giving the "cut one" and "cut two" of a dragoon.

He was expelled from the House, but unanimously reelected and afterwards unanimously reelected for a third term. The Southerners at Washington made a great deal of him, although he had, prior to his assault on Mr. Sumner, been a Union man rather than a Secessionist; but his former Northern friends avoided him. One day, happening to be in the ladies' gallery of the House, the daughter of a K. N. Representative from Massachusetts showed me her autograph album. Among other signatures was that of Preston C. Brooks, around which the owner had sketched a hangman's noose, the rope being tied to a gallows overhead.

"I am no champion of Colonel Brooks," I remarked, "but I don't think it right in you thus to insult a signature courteously given at your request." A few days afterwards, as I sat at a reporter's desk in the hall of the House, Col. Brooks came up and said, with some feeling: "I appreciate your feelings, as a Massachusetts man, towards me, and I am the more grateful for a remark which I have just heard you made in the ladies' gallery not long ago." Without waiting for a reply he turned away.

The next week, Col. Brooks, after a brief illness, died of quinsy, at the Metropolitan Hotel. He was seized with a choking spasm, and on giving him salt and water to relieve the paroxysm, he was thrown into convulsions and died in great agony.

Unusual honors were paid to his remains, which were taken to his rural home in South Carolina, where his wife and five small children were residing.

A Norwegian Farmhouse.

From Chambers's Journal.

The first impression of an ordinary Norwegian farm-steading is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a larger dwelling-house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the effect is to relieve the sombre aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly weather-proof, planks about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles, and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the centre of the chief room, and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor ivy is sometimes trained upward to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not unfrequently the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous position, in order that swains who call may see that the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance. The cow-houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger and more space is allotted to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cow-house is in most cases raised high enough to allow of a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.

Remodeling Old Guns.

From the Springfield Republican.

Load after load of large packing-boxes have been tugged from the freight depots of this city to the United States Armory during the last three weeks. The boxes have been stored in the cellars of the arsenal, in different parts of the shop and various other places. Their contents will be used in the manufacture of new arms for the government. The cases contain 60,000 muzzle-loading muskets of the old Springfield pattern, which have been conveyed here from arsenals in Pittsburg and Allegheny City, Pa., and Indianapolis. The arms were made by contractors on orders of the government during the last two years of the Civil War for the use of the Federal troops, and on manufacture and purchase were stored in the three arsenals indicated until they should be needed. But no call ever came for them, and they have stood in dusty silence and inaction since 1867. Others that were manufactured at the same time with them, only to wait uncalled for, have since met the same fate which will be that of these weapons. Built to deal death and destruction, they will be broken up, part going into the new arms and part into the heap of old metals. And when these thousands of muskets shall have been worked over there will have vanished from the arsenals of the country the last of the guns made to carry on our civil strife.

The London Times.

The London *Times* has a circulation of 60,000. In order to increase this number the managers have decided to reduce the price from three pence to one penny per copy. The *Telegraph*, which has a circulation of 200,000, is making so great an inroad upon the profits of the *Times* as to cause this reduction of price, which at the present circulation and advertising rates will entail a daily loss of $2,000 upon the owners of the *Times*.

A SECOND ELIJAH.

THE FUGITIVE FROM MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

Death of the "Prophet" Ashcroft Surrounded by his Dogs.

Correspondence of the Atlanta Constitution.

RENO, Neb., Feb. 4, 1886.—One week ago last Sunday the body of a man, frozen stiff, was found, a short distance north of North Platte, in a miserable hut of sod, branches of trees and stones, with a rudely thatched roof. The hut was surrounded and jealously guarded by at least fifteen dogs. Seven of them had to be shot before the party of discovery could approach. Another unusually large wolf dog, with a noble head, strong limbs and a coat almost jet black, lay close beside his dead master. A hungry glare in his eyes showed that he had been several days without food, and he evinced unmistakable signs of grief. When one of the party attempted to cross the threshold of the hut, the wolf dog made a fierce charge at him. It was thought a pity to kill so splendid an animal, and an effort was made to lasso him. A lariat was thrown over his head and shoulders and he was captured, but he showed such a fierce disposition that he was finally shot.

Some doubt at first existed as to the identity of the dead man, but a coroner's jury established it as that of Josiah Ashcroft, a mad recluse. The faithful dogs found holding vigil over his corpse were his family dogs. Since the discovery of the remains interesting particulars of Ashcroft's strange career have been developed. He was fifty-seven years old. Many years ago he came from England as a Mormon convert. He went with the apostle of that faith direct to Salt Lake, where he resided until the memorable Mountain Meadow massacre. Ashcroft, with a few others, refused to take a hand in that series of sanguinary deeds. They knew their fate was sure death at the hands of the "destroying angels," if they remained in Mormondom without obeying the bloody mandate, and they fled. Asheroft, accompanied by a single comrade, proceeded eastward, over mountains and across prairies, on foot, with many hair-breadth escapes from Indians, and, at times, pursued by the Danites, until they reached Council Bluffs, Ia. There Ashcroft remained several years. While there he attended a Methodist revival meeting, and became "enlightened," and he "enlightened" a Mormon elder. Brigham Young got wind of this revolutionary work of his former proselyte, and sent two Mormon elders east to investigate the matter. At least, Asheroft suddenly received an intimation to that effect, and fear of the avengers preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he lived for months in a barn, emerging only at night to prowl for victuals. As he slept on the hay it was revealed to him that he was to be a second Elijah.

With this prophetic hallucination firmly fixed in his mind he emerged from his biding place in the barn, convinced that he was the ward of a heaven-given protection. Shortly afterwards he shook the dust of Council Bluffs from his feet, and from that time until two years ago he was a wanderer. He went from place to place, remaining as long as the people would tolerate him, and subsisting on such food as he could beg or pick up.

Two years ago Ashcroft arrived in North Platte. Following him at the time were half a dozen dogs. He seemed greatly attached to them, and they reciprocated his good treatment by remaining closely at his heels. After drifting about town for a few weeks he went a short distance north and constructed the uncouth hut where his dead body was discovered.

Ashcroft lived mainly by what was given him by the townspeople, although he worked some, and generally had a little money. He fed his dogs with meat obtained at a neighboring slaughter house. He wore cast off-clothing, people, as a rule, being very kind to him in this respect. On some subjects Asheroft seemed rational enough, but, get him started on the Bible, or his heaven-given mission, and his vagaries knew no bounds. He claimed that he would never die in the flesh; that he was the second Elijah, sent by God to deliver his people, and that he would one day reign as as a king on earth, but that his time had not yet come. He could quote scripture by the hour, and would talk on his demented hobby as long as he could find listeners. When found he had sixty-five dollars in United States currency on his person, and forty dollars in British gold and silver coin, some of very old dates; the latter were wrapped in tobacco bags and tied with innumerable strings.

Stopping at the White House.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Not long ago I heard an old gentleman telling with great delight of how he was once a guest at the White House. It was during Andrew Jackson's first term. His father was an ardent admirer of Jackson and insisted that the son, then just of age, should make a pilgrimage to Washington for the sole purpose of seeing the old hero. They lived at Erie, Pa, and the long journey had to be made on horseback. The young man took the tedious ride; and, after refreshing himself at a Washington hotel, went up to the White House and asked to see the President. When he was admitted he told Jackson that he had ridden all the way from Erie to see him. The President asked his business and was highly pleased when he was told that the only object of the visit had been accomplished in obtaining an interview. Jackson asked where the young man was stopping, and on being told insisted on sending down for his horse and saddlebags and retaining him as a guest at the White House. For a week the young Pennsylvanian enjoyed "Old Hickory's" hospitality. On the morning of his departure his horse, with the saddlebags across his back, was led in front of the White House, and the President came out, as any good old farmer would have done, to shake hands and wish him a safe journey home.

The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.

From the South.

A traveler through the Blue Grass Region describes the country as "a land of men with the stature of gods, and women fair and stately as the Amazons. In a family of five daughters and two sons, each weighed over two hundred. The man of the blue grass country has a hearty limestone solidity and breadth, a broad-brimmed hat, a homespun suit and a heavy rolling gait, saluting high and humble, rich and poor, stranger and friend, with equal cordiality and good will."

OLD MARSHAL BAZAINE.

The Stories About His Extreme Poverty Pronounced Untrue.

Madrid Letter to London News.

Bazaine has been living in Madrid for many years, in comfortable circumstances, with the income of Mexican property Mme. Bazaine inherited from her mother, who died a short time ago, and she herself had some property in Mexico. Mme. Bazaine has stood by her husband and brought up her children, and she at one time mixed more with Madrid society than at present. She was to be seen, often accompanied by Bazaine himself, in balls and receptions of the Castilian nobility, and they were both until very lately at the Royal Opera-House in two orchestra stalls—butacas, as they are called—every four days. Bazaine was received in Madrid society on account of his wife's connections and friends, and one of the houses where they were constant visitors was that of the last Mexican Minister, Gen. Corona, the very officer who received the Emperor Maximilian's sword at Queretaro, bye the bye. The presence of Bazaine in Madrid drawing-rooms led to some fracas a few years ago with a French Ambassador, Admiral Jaure, who made a point of instantly leaving any reception where he met the ex-Marshal, a scene of this sort causing much sensation one night at a ball at Duke Fernan Nunez's.

There is no foundation in the report that Bazaine lives in poverty or has separated from his wife, but she is, on the contrary, very much pitied in Madrid because she, for her children's sake, overlooks much of which she has good reason to complain. The Bonapartists and the Empress Eugenie decline to have anything to do with him. His personal appearance has much altered and he is so aged, so stout and so bloated, so neglectful in his attire and outward appearance, that he is a wretched sight as he shuffles along the Recolitas promenade or a sidewalk in the Retiro, and this leads many people to fancy he is in worse circumstances than he really is. His last efforts at intellectual work were a book on his Mexican campaign and a lame defense of his conduct at Metz, upon which he worked for years. No one would recognize in this strange wreck the once-upon-a-time brilliant soldier of the Second Empire. The present income of Mme. Bazaine is estimated at £1,400 a year. Her eldest son is a volunteer in a crack "Cacadore" battallion in a Madrid garrison, and she herself has still retained much of her dashing Mexican style and good looks. Bazaine is now seventy-four years old.

A Federal Picket's Prank.

At Fredericksburg a Union picket, who was stationed opposite Dr. Taylor's house, hallooed across the river, a distance of but a few hundred feet, to the Confederate picket: "Johnny, fix your bayonet, stick your gun in the ground, and come over here for a chat." It was not an unusual thing for soldiers of both armies to fraternize when on picket duty; and so the Confederate, unsuspicious of evil, fixed his bayonet and stuck his gun in the ground. No sooner had he done this than the Union picket brought his gun to his shoulder and drew a bead on the Confederate as he shouted: "Now, Johnny, d——n you, mark time!" The disarmed man was completely at his opponent's mercy.* Refusal meant death. At his solitary post he began gravely marking time for dear life. The corporal of the guard, from a distance noticing the strange antics of the picket, approached him and called out: "What's the matter with you? There must be no skylarking on picket." "Whist! come here," remarked the unfortunate picket in a scarcely audible tone. The corporal looked in the direction indicated; and as he saw the silent figure across the water, with the rifle steadily pointed in his direction, he heard a clear voice cry out: "Tell that corporal to mark time too." The corporal did not hesitate, but promptly began keeping the picket company in his tiresome amusement.

Directly approached the sergeant of the guard on his tour of inspection. "What do you mean?" he shouted in a rage. "Pick up your muskets at once." But, strange to say, they did not obey him. "Come here," whispered the perspiring corporal. "Do you see that Yank across the river?" The sergeant looked, and again the clear voice broke the air: "Tell that sergeant to drop his gun and mark time." The sergeant obeyed with wonderful alacrity. Can you imagine anything funnier? Just think of three soldiers standing on a river's bank and marking time for the amusement of a man who had a "bead" on them! But it didn't appear funny to the officer commanding the picket line, who, noticing his men acting so strangely, came up, almost shrieking: "How dare you? Attend to your duty at once!" "Come here, lieutenant," said the sergeant, who perhaps took a little malicious satisfaction in getting his superior officer into the scrape he was in. "See that Yank across there?" The officer took a disastrous look; and in a moment, at the command of the Yankee across the river, he too was marking time most vigorously. When the Union picket had had his full of amusement he suddenly threw himself backward over a hill in the rear, and as the Confederate curses freighted the air a shrill laugh was heard in reply. The four victims of his practical joke registered a solemn vow that they would lie in wait for that Yankee and kill him on sight. But they never had a chance.

Uncongenial White House Dinners.

From Ben. Perley Poore's Reminiscences.

After Gen. Grant had appointed Judge Taft Secretary of War he invited a number of the leading Republican Senators to dine with him at the White House, that they might become personally acquainted. He forgot, however, to invite Judge Taft, who consequently was not present, so those invited to meet him did not have the pleasure of seeing him. On another occasion, when Congress was investigating the Washington real estate pool, Gen. Grant sent one of his sons to the Capitol to invite informally a dozen Republican Senators to dine at the White House for a conference. The young Grant mistook that staunch Democrat, Senator Eli Saulsbury, for Senator Morrill, of Vermont, and so invited the Delawarian. His presence acted like an extinguisher on all political talk, and he, after having wondered all through the dinner why he was invited, hurriedly took his leave when the cigars were introduced.

A belle differs somewhat from a cowboy. The more powder she uses the less dangerous she grows.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Contrary to our hope and expectation, it now looks as if the Blair Educational Bill will pass both Houses of Congress. We can only warn such of the people as read the columns of this humble weekly journal that the time is to come in the near future when they will rue the passage of that bill as they have not regretted the passage of any measure in national legislation for many years.

Maj. P. L. Duffey, recently on the editorial staff of the Daily Charlotte *Observer*, has accepted a position on the *Progressive Farmer*, the new agricultural journal the publication of which has been commenced at Winston by Col. L. L. Polk. Maj. Duffey has also received the appointment from Washington of Agricultural Statistician for the State of North Carolina. In both his official and editorial position we feel sure that he will retain the esteem and confidence of the people of the State which he has for so many years enjoyed.

Mr. George William Curtis, than whom no man stands higher for personal integrity and character, has published a clear, explicit statement fully exonerating Mr. Garland, the Attorney General, from the aspersions which have been cast upon him in connection with the Pan Electric stock. Vance has been vindicated, Garland has been vindicated:—whose character next will the corrupt Northern press attempt to besmirch—those "influential journals North" mentioned by Mr. Water H. Page as considering Senator Vance a "laughing stock?"

On Wednesday, 10th inst., Mr. W. B. Drake, until recently one of the editors of the Statesville *American*, was found lifeless in his office in Statesville, his death having evidently taken place suddenly and but a short time previous to the discovery, as the body was still warm. "One shall be taken and the other left;" how strange must seem the orderings of providence to the venerable father, E. B. Drake, that the son should have passed away before him—the son, the model of physical strength and grace, who, with the lamented Joseph Holden, divided the honor of being the handsomest man in the lists of North Carolina journalism! Mr. Drake was about 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.

John Bull will certainly lose his pristine reputation for coolness and nerve if he indulges in any more such panicy demonstrations over nothing as were recently witnessed in London, where a few thousand blatant malcontents seem to have frightened the authorities of that great metropolis entirely out of the bounds of their common sense. What *would* they have done if they had had to contend with such a disturbance as the Lord Gordon No Popery riot of 1780, when Newgate was razed to the ground and the prisoners released, Catholic churches and chapels were sacked and devastated, civil authority and military force were alike defied and a literal reign of terror lasted for more than a week? The fact is, dynamite has demoralized John Bull until he is not himself. He should take a lesson from plucky Gov. Squires of Washington Territory.

A GALLANT SOLDIER PASSES AWAY.

Next to the loss of one of our own revered military leaders in the South, the death of Gen. Hancock will be more sincerely mourned by the people of the Southern States than that of any man who has been taken away from the broad arena of public life since the close of the civil war.

It is not only that Gen. Hancock challenged their admiration by the magnificent picture which he presented to the world of the incomparable soldier, the impersonation of splendid valor, the leader of panoplied hosts, the arbiter of a nation's destinies—the victor of Gettysburg; it is not only that he won their esteem and affection by the admirable qualities which made this terrible warrior as gentle as a woman to the appeal of human suffering and as pitiful as a child at the spectacle of human woe—melting into sympathy at the tears of the agonized daughter of Mrs. Surratt and exerting every effort to avert the official crime which culminated in that dark tragedy; it is not only that they bow in tribute to the soldier's illustrious services, the man's purity of character and the christian's uprightness and integrity of life;—the people of the South have never forgotten that when, smarting under the wounds and humiliation of subjugation, their old men and women sat in the ashes of desolation, "mourning for their children and refusing to be comforted because they were not," Gen. Hancock, in his official capacity as commander of the department of the South, came not to insult their misfortunes but to pour oil upon their wounds—not with ruthless hand to convert the devastated land into a military satrapy but to uphold the majesty of the civil law—not the soldier of the iron heel but the patriotic defender of right and justice.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that in 1880 the action of the national Democratic convention at Cincinnati, in nominating Hancock for the Presidency, was received with glad enthusiasm throughout the South, and that, disastrous as was the issue of that political campaign, his defeat impaired his popularity in no degree whatever, and that until the day of his death he retained the affections of the people North and South.

Gen. Hancock entered West Point in the year 1840, and was a classmate of Stonewall Jackson, A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Grant, etc. He served with distinction in the Mexican War, achieved afterwards a brilliant record by his splendid services in the Seminole War in Florida and the Kansas troubles of 1858, and at the outbreak of the late Civil War he was commissioned a Brigadier General.

Throughout the whole history of the gigantic struggle from 1861 to 1865, he is the central figure—the sagacious commander, the fearless warrior, the brilliant leader, the dashing soldier. No wonder that Meade, in a burst of generous appreciation, called him "Hancock the Superb."

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR DEAD.

Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of the State of New York, died at Utica on the night of the 12th inst., at the age of nearly 76 years. For the past five or six years his health had been much enfeebled, his constitution having been broken by the effects of excessive physical exertion and a slight sun-stroke.

The death of Horatio Seymour removes from the roll of the influential leaders of the Democratic party, within the space of less than a week, two of the candidates for the Presidency during the past twenty years, and leaves the great Empire State to lament the loss of one of its most valued citizens, trusted counsellors and able statesmen. While Mr. Seymour has comparatively little place in national politics, his long life was full of usefulness and crowned with the highest honors which his people could bestow upon him, and to Horatio Seymour more than to any other man the New York Democracy are indebted to-day for the power and influence which they now hold in the State.

After repeatedly serving his people in the General Assembly of the State, he was elected Governor in 1852, marking his gubernatorial term by his veto of the Maine liquor law—thus by one act giving the key to his character throughout life: an absolute refusal to surrender principle to subserve selfish ends. During the darkest days of the civil war he was again called to the service of his State as its chief magistrate, and during his term of office the draft riots of New York city occurred, in which his firmness and moderation combined to save the metropolis from the horrors of violence and lawlessness.

After leading the national Democracy in the "forlorn hope" of 1868, Mr. Seymour closed his brilliant campaign with the plaudits and admiration of the whole country, accepted with philosophy the defeat which was a foregone conclusion, and retired to the tranquil enjoyment of private life, from which no offerings of political preferment or tenders of high and lucrative Federal appointments had aught of power to tempt him, although with the self-abnegation of which he was never divested he devoted his great abilities and energies in all the successive national campaigns to the service of his party.

"The Dollar of Our Daddies."

I'm a wild and wicked blizzard from the West,
I'm an avalanche from grim Sierra's crest,
I'm a cyclone in my wrath,
A tornado in the path
Of those who claim that honest coin is best.

I'm a bold and brilliant fraud, you know, and yet
Of more than half of Congress I'm the pet.
I'm the friend of all the "poor,"
(Who have mines of silver ore
In the canons of Nevada), you may bet.

I'm a liar and a villain and a cheat,
A sealawag, a swindle and a beat.
I'm a vagabond, a tramp,
An impostor and a scamp.
I'm a thief and steal from every one I meet.

I'm a hypocrite, a sham, a mere pretence,
I'm the dollar that is worth but eighty cents,
I am known among the cads
As the "dollar of our dads,"
I'm dishonest and dishonored but immense.

I am labeled with the watch-word of the free,
And I bear Columbia's eagle, as you see,
And I am stamped "In God we trust,"
As I'm very sure you must,
For you surely are too wise to bank on me.

—*W. C. E., in Philadelphia Times.*

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 16, 1886.

To the Editors of the Observer and Gazette:

It is with fear and trembling that I send you this my maiden effort at newspaper correspondence—but the "Silver Kings" are pushing the country so fast towards the precipice of demonetization and panic that I feel it to be my duty to call attention to the disastrous effect sure to follow, sooner or later, the continued coinage of the silver dollar.

I do not wish to be understood as favoring a "single standard." I have no desire to follow the lead of England and Germany in the gold standard, nor do I wish to descend to the level of Mexico and India in the silver standard. I am a bi-metallist. I want both gold and silver to circulate freely and at par with each other. I do not intend to embark in a long and thorough discussion of the question, or to weary your readers with a lot of dry tables or quotations from the ancients; but in simple language give some reasons why the silver dollar is inferior to gold; and having established this fact draw some conclusions:

1st. Silver is immeasurably inferior to gold as a basis for large monetary transactions. It is so bulky. It occupies 16 *times the space* gold does—a given amount requires 16 times the time to handle it, 16 times the expense to transport it, and 20 times the time to count it. Were you to receive a payment of $8,500 in silver it would require 10 *hours* to count it, 3 hours' hard work to carry it to your home or office a mile distant, and you would have to build a vault to hold it, for I don't suppose there is a safe in town large enough. Now, time and space are two of the most important qualities to be considered in this age of hurry in regard to all material things. I need not stop to enlarge upon their value here except to call attention to the thousands of dollars expended by the W. & W. R. R. Co. to save 3 *hours* by its Wilson & Fayetteville Short Cut, and to the vast sums invested in compress companies to reduce the space occupied by a bale of cotton—and both time and space are compressed in the smallest bulk, so far as money is concerned, where gold is used for large transactions. Hence silver is infer or to gold.

2nd: Silver is inferior to gold because it is not received as money by that nation (among others) with which this country has its greatest intercourse. England demonetized silver in 1816 and has ever since adhered to the gold standard. It is useless for me to occupy *time and space* to prove to you the intimate relations that exist on all financial and commercial issues between this country and England. The London market fixes the price on too many articles we handle and consume every day for me to try to enumerate them, and every cent this country pays England for the vast amount of goods imported has to be paid *in gold*. If our importers should be forced to ship silver to England to pay for goods bought, the extra expense (about 20 per cent.) would of course be added to the price of the goods, and the consumer would have it to pay in the end.

England is not the only country requiring gold. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Canada, Brazil, Persia and others have the gold standard, and debts due them or their citizens cannot be paid in silver. Therefore silver is inferior to gold because its ability to pay debts is not universal.

3rd. The last count I shall make against the continued coinage of the silver dollar is, that *it is not a dollar*. The Government buys 79 cents' worth of silver and stamps it "United States of America," "In God we Trust," "One Dollar," and enacts a law that it shall be received as a dollar—but it is not a dollar, and no law made by the United States can make it one.

Let North Carolina pass a law making 3 pecks of corn a bushel (the other States requiring 4); would the 3 pecks be a bushel when you bought corn from the West or sold it North? Certainly not. North Carolina would have much more corn in bushels but not one cent more in value.

A ton of silver is a ton of silver; divide it into 20,000 or 30,000 pieces and it remains a ton of silver. Stamp them all "One Dollar," etc., and it remains a ton of silver.

Why, sirs, do you know that the Government made a profit of $6,051,284 in 1885 by coining these short dollars? And now they want to force them on the people. It is a gigantic swindle. Out of whose pockets does this whole $6,000,000 profit come? Why the people's. We are the ones who have to accept the fraud. England does not. No, sirs; when a silver dollar that costs the people of this free land 100 cents reaches London it promptly shrinks to its true value, and will only purchase 79 cents' worth of goods.

Now, will any sane man, in the light of these facts, contend that the silver dollar is the full equal of its gold brother? Can you find a man who would just as soon have 20 silver dollars in his pocket as a twenty-dollar gold piece or bank note? If you cannot the case is proven, and silver is inferior to gold. I could go on, Messrs. Editors, and show that the demand for the precious metals in the arts is not in proportion to the amount produced; that silver is over-produced; that the supply is greater than the demand. The naked fact that the Treasury now holds $194,000,000 in silver that it cannot force into circulation is sufficient proof of the over-production, and I will pass on to the conclusion I wish to draw.

It is a well-established fact that when two kinds of money are in circulation, one inferior to the other, *the inferior will drive out the good*. This is the experience of the world; it has been the experience of our own country in its short life of 100 years. In the coinage law of 1792, under which the legal equivalent between silver and gold was fixed at 15 to 1, gold was undervalued 3 per cent., and the consequence was that gold disappeared from circulation. The law of 1834 (called Benton's act) changed the ratio to 16 to 1, and silver was under-valued about the same per cent. (3.10), and it became so scarce that in 1853 a law was passed authorizing the Treasurer of the Mint to purchase silver bullion and coin fractional silver, and reduced the weight of the half dollar 14½ grains and of the quarter 7¼ grains—reduced their value, in other words, that they might not leave the country. In 1861–'2 the "fiat" money of the government, inferior to both, displaced both gold and silver. Now, in the light of this *history*, what will be the effect of the continued coinage of the present eighty-cent dollars? Evidently, gold will disappear and the most disastrous panic this country has ever known will follow the contraction caused by the DEMONETIZATION OF GOLD.

Again: We now have four kinds of money—gold, silver, greenbacks (or government issue) and bank notes—all at par. Why? Because exchangeable one for the other. But let the government refuse to pay gold for bonds, and don't you see that the equality is destroyed? Human nature—"Every man for himself and old Nick take the hindmost;" those who have gold will hold it, and those who have none, and are obliged to have it to pay English debts, will have to pay a premium, and *the trouble will have begun*.

"But," says the silver man, "our exports are larger than our imports; therefore England *owes us*, and no one will be forced to buy gold." Wrong, my friend. England owes our exporters, but our importers owe England. England pays her debts in gold, and London exchange is gold. Will the exporter take 79 cents in silver for his gold exchange when gold is at a premium? Not much; he knows its value, *and the trouble gets bigger*.

Messrs. Editors, the demonetization of gold would be a fearful experience for this country, for we have about $550,000,000 of gold to $225,000,000 of silver; and yet this is what the continued coinage of the silver dollar will bring us to. Do the silver men want it? If so, let them come out under their true colors, and not try to gain their end by fooling the people with the senseless cry that they "want to make money cheap and plentiful," and calling us "contractionists," "conspirators," "demonetizers of silver," etc.—for the awakening will surely come.

I am no alarmist. This is a great people, and we can stand up and have stood up under a good many bad laws and much bungling legislation. Bleeding is a good thing sometimes, but *continued* bleeding will produce death. I believe we could stand a few more millions in silver without fainting, but why run the risk of financial revolution? Surely, "discretion is the better part of valor," and we already have more silver than we need.

Messrs. Editors, I have written more than I intended when I began, but I cannot close before pointing to the only path out of the difficulty. We cannot bring the silver dollar up to par: every piece would have to be re-coined and 20 per cent. more silver added to it, and it is big enough now, in all conscience. Besides, were it possible to do this, the price of silver might and probably would decline further still, or it might, by the time the $225,000,000 were re-coined, appreciate in value as much as it is now depreciated, which would be about as bad.

The truth is that, though the United States is a big thing, the world is bigger, and the United States cannot fix the ratio between gold and silver without the cooperation of the other large commercial nations. This fact was clearly understood in 1878, when the law for the coinage of these standard dollars was passed. Section 2 of that act authorized the President of the United States to confer with the European nations "for the purpose of establishing internationally the use of bi-metallic money, and *securing fixity of relative value* between those two metals"—and never will the ratio between the two metals be fixed until it is done "internationally."

Two conventions have been held without result, and it will continue to be "without result" so long as the government continues to buy and coin 2,000,000 or more of silver dollars every month. What shall we do, then? Why, suspend the coinage of the eighty-centers immediately, and until the relative value between the two metals is internationally established. What will be the effect of this course on the country? It will restore confidence; it will unlock the millions now deposited in the financial centres; it will revive and stimulate business, reopen closed manufactories, build railroads and erect numerous new enterprises.

Let the government pay the bonds in gold or anything else the holders want, so long as gold and other kinds of money are at par and this will keep them at par. The silver dollar will then be as good as a gold dollar (for we can manage what we already have with a little trouble), and moreover it will find its way into the pockets of the people (a place it will never reach if the coinage is continued) instead of piling up in the vaults of the Treasury Department.

Yours truly,
"BI-METALLIST."

A Drunkard's Bad Work.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 13, 1886.—A fire at Lancaster, S. C., this morning destroyed the Crockett house, two stores and a building occupied by a barber and shoemaker. The fire originated in the room of a millwright named Dernsder, who went to bed drunk with matches in his pocket. His charred body was found in the ruins. There was no insurance on the property.

A Fine Residence Burned.

From the Asheville Citizen.

We greatly regret to announce the destruction of the fine residence of Mr. Jas. Cortland, which occurred Tuesday afternoon. The fire was caused by a defective flue. It was one of the handsomest residences in Western Carolina, elegantly furnished throughout, and was a place of note, as well as refined hospitality. It was situated on the Hendersonville road, five miles this side of that town. The loss is about $30,000, insured for about $8,000.

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WILL SAVE MONEY

by looking through our general stock of DRY GOODS, etc.

Brown & Roddick,

27 Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

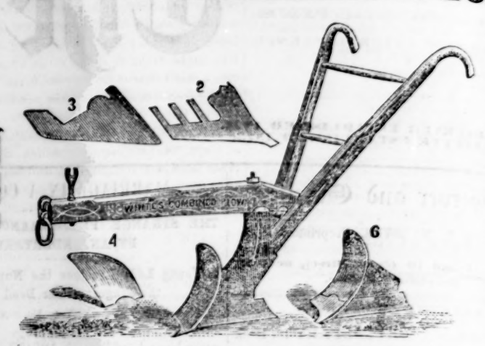
Branch Store, 9 North Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.

jan 7-tf

Robesonian copy.

ADVERTISEMENTS. | ADVERTISEMENTS.

White's COMBINED Plow



For all Work on the Farm, to be the Best Plow Still Acknowledged.

As It Combines a Good Turning Plow with All the Stonewall Cotton and Tobacco Attachments.

PLOWS and CASTINGS for them always on hand. I also offer the BOY DIXIE, ATLAS, STONEWALL, "BOSS," CLIMAX TOBACCO PLOW and all old styles, such as Nos. 10, 35, 40, 50, 48, A 6 and M 6. For sale at LOW PRICES for CASH.

☞ A Full Line of Groceries and Hardware on hand.

CHAS. HAIGH,

feb 18-tf Next Door to People's Bank.

MILLINERY GOODS

AT REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH

TO CLOSE OUT STOCK.

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS

Hosiery, Corsets, Hoods, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry,

LADIES' MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS

PATTERNS FOR LADIES' DRESSES,

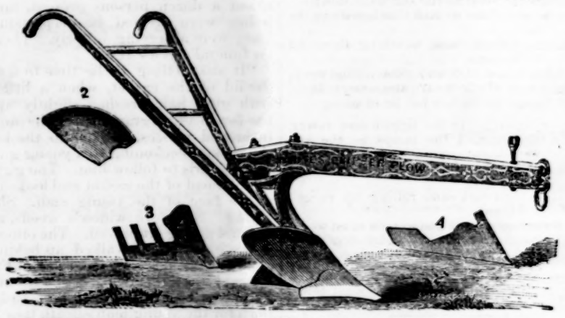
The Celebrated Universal Fashion Co's PERFECT FITTING,

ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

All Very Cheap for Cash.

Feb. 4 tf MRS. DYE.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR



THE CLIPPER PLOW.

The CLIPPER Plow was awarded the FIRST premium on both one and two horse Plows in the field trial held at the North Carolina State Fair in 1880, in competition with twelve of the leading Plows in use in the South. To-day it will stand a successful comparison with any Plow in use in this State. What it does it does WELL. We invite all to call and buy one upon the following guarantee, viz: If, after a 48-hour trial, you are not satisfied with the Plow you can return it to us and get your money refunded. We have REDUCED THE PRICE, so there can now be nothing against it. Call and examine before you buy any other.

A full line of other Plows with all varieties of Castings always on hand. We are also agents for the

McKinnon Patent Hames Fastener and the Wetmore Rivet Seam Horse Collar.

These are NEW North Carolina patents, and we think will prove both a SAVING AND CONVENIENCE to the farmers. Call and see North Carolina progress, and you will be pleased and benefited.

Jan. 21-tf A. S. HUSKE & CO.

1886. The New Year. 1886.

ROSENTHAL

—AND HIS—

WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

My Stern Necessity is Your Golden Opportunity.

AT COST.

My large and commodious store is full of a magnificent stock of goods, just received from the

AUCTION SALES OF

Bates, Reed & Cooley, of New York.

Consisting of a splendid line of

DRESS GOODS—my specialty; HANDSOME HOSIERY—unusual bargains;
CLOTHING—of the latest styles, at your own price;
BOOTS AND SHOES—of the best makers—very cheap.

☞ My great assortment of ELEGANT

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

Must be sold. Here is a rare chance for the

WORTH OF YOUR MONEY

AND SOMETHING OVER.

jan 7-tf GEO. ROSENTHAL.

A. MOORE,

Market Square and Green St.,

DEALER IN

Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars,

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

June 18, 1885. 123 tf

J. E. GARRETT,

Book and Job Printer,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

SOLICITS orders for Pamphlet Work, General Letter-Press Printing, Blanks of all kinds, and every description of printing.

Jan'y 2, 1884. 48tf

Cumberland House.

I AM NOW FULLY PREPARED TO ACCOMMODATE the TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

Am Nearer and More Convenient to the Depot than Any Hotel in Town.

All I ask is a trial, as I shall spare no effort to please.

D. H. BELL. Proprietor.

October 1, 1885. 138-6m

COAL! COAL!

25 Tons of ANTHRACITE COAL on the yard at

McMILLAN BROS.

Oct. 22 tf

Observer and Gazette.

THURSDAY,.....FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

LOCAL BULLETINS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. M. NIMOCKS—Notice.
J. W. CARROLL—A card.
J. D. WILLIAMS—For rent.
A. E. RANKIN & CO.—Fertilizers.
J. B. STARR—Standard Fertilizers.
FRANK THORNTON—Received to-day.
H. H. HORNE—Golden crown cologne.
A. S. HUSKE & CO.—For weddings, etc.
A. E. RANKIN & CO.—"The Daisy" plow.
H. R. HORNE—Don't forget the Texas horror.
CHARLES HAIGH—The Smith and other plows.
ROSE & LEAK—Spring hats, Ziegler's shoes, etc.

CHEAP READING!

Two Good Newspapers for $2.75!

Having made arrangements with the proprietors of the *Detroit Free Press*, we will furnish that paper and the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE for one year at the low price of $2.75.

It is needless for us to particularize the merits of the *Detroit Free Press*—its reputation is not confined even to the United States, but is almost world-wide. It is a large eight-page weekly paper, embracing in its different departments the choicest selections in literature, science, art, news, humor, etc., etc.

Supply yourselves and families for the coming year with excellent newspaper reading by subscribing to the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE and *Free Press*.

Washington Appointment.

Hon. Wharton J. Green has tendered the position of clerk to his House Committee on Acoustics and Ventilation to Mr. J. W. Powell, of Sampson county.

The Water Supply.

Workmen are busily engaged in connecting the large reservoir on Market Square with Mr. J. D. McNeill's pump at his mills, and the completion of the work will thus afford to the most densely-built business portion of the town an unfailing and abundant supply of water in the event of fire.

A Gift to the Library Association.

Mr. Baldwin, the Clothier, Nos. 380 & 382 Fulton St., N. Y., has presented to the Fayetteville Library Association a handsomely-bound copy of *Baldwin's Monthly*—a perfect gem of typographic neatness and beauty, and filled, too, with excellent reading matter of a pure, healthy tone.

Union Home and Hospital.

The following contributors have made offerings to the Union Home and Hospital for week ending Saturday, 13th inst.:

Mrs. J. K. Kyle, Mrs. J. E. P. Daingerfield, Mrs. J. C. Haigh, Jr., Mrs. Ann Smith, Miss Kate Smith, a Friend, Mrs. U. C. Myrover, Mrs. John P. Thomson, Miss Kate Utley, Mrs. S. J. Walton, Mrs. J. D. Brown, Mrs. A. Smith, a Friend, Mrs. J. W. McNeill, Mrs. Geo. M. Rose.

Marriage at Red Springs.

On Thursday, 4th inst., our esteemed friend, Mr. Wm. S. Prior, formerly a citizen of Fayetteville, and now engaged in mercantile business at Red Springs, Robeson county, was united in marriage at that place to Mrs. A. E. Taylor, by Rev. J. T. Gibbs of the Methodist Church of Fayetteville.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have our cordial wishes for their future happiness.

Brandy Seized by Revenue Officials.

On Wednesday evening, 10th, Col. J. A. Pemberton, Deputy Collector for this district, received information of parties who were selling liquor without license. In a very short time after receiving the information Col. Pemberton was flying on a special locomotive toward Spout Spring, near which place he captured the guilty parties with six barrels of brandy. "Blockaders" and "moonshiners" can learn from this prompt action that our Deputy Collector is a terror to wrong-doers.

Delayed by the Ice.

Our merchants have recently found themselves much inconvenienced by the failure to receive goods ordered from the North long after ample time allowed for their transportation. This tardiness, we understand, has been caused by the ice blockade north of us; but advices have been received from Portsmouth at the office of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co., stating that steamers were now arriving there promptly, and that the delayed freight would be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Grand Lodge Officers.

The meeting of the State Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias at Raleigh last week was one of unusual interest—characterized by important proceedings and very pleasant sessions.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: S. C. White, G. C.; Nathan O'Berry, G. V. C.; W. L. Jewett, G. P.; John L. Dudley, G. K. of R. & S.; R. T. Scanlin, G. M. of E.; C. D. Benbow, G. I. G.; E. M. Pavie, G. M. at A.; E. G. Harrell and J. A. Bonitz, Supreme Representatives.

New Store on Market Square.

Col. J. B. Starr having purchased the site of the burned Benton store, has already put laborers to work upon its ruins, and will soon have a handsome building erected at that point. Such men as Col. Starr, the McMillan Bros., Rose & Leak, Williams, F. W. Thornton, George Brandt, the People's Bank, the McKethans, Charles Haigh, R. M. Nimocks and others whose investments in brick and mortar are standing evidences of their enterprise, are among the beneficent influences that combine to literally "build up" a town.

St. Valentine.

The beautiful store of Messrs. McNeill & Co. was crowded for a day or two last week by people of all classes, sizes and conditions, examining their varied stock for a suitable offering for St. Valentine's Day—the bachelor and the maid, happy, laughing children, and dusky Chloris with her attendant swain. Alas! lost amid the mists of the vanished past is the poetry that clung like a halo about the memory of St. Valentine—those golden days of romance when the "Fair Maid of Perth" unveiled her charms to the dewy morn, and her ripe lips caressed with a touch as soft as the fall of thistle-down the ruddy cheek of slumbering Henry Smith of the Wynd. How beautiful the pure love of Catharine Glover compared with the gross passion of the brilliant, dissipated Rothsay—and yet the fall of the ladder at the window of the fair maid's bower on St. Valentine's Eve, and the bloody scuffle in the court below, not only cost the wicked John Ramorney his hand, but doomed the ill-fated Prince of Scotland to a horrible death and cost the crown its rightful heir.

The Improvements of the Cape Fear River.

Our good neighbor, the Wilmington *Star*, which never contains anything just to "fill up," and whose entertaining columns will always repay the ordinary reader's perusal and the contemporary's careful reference, has recently been publishing very interesting and instructive facts, furnished to it by Capt. Bixby, of the United States Engineer Corps, with regard to the improvements of the channel and bar of the Cape Fear River. From the *Star* of Saturday, 13th inst., we extract that portion of Capt. Bixby's circular which relates to the river between Wilmington and this place:

IMPROVING CAPE FEAR RIVER FROM WILMINGTON TO FAYETTEVILLE.

The Cape Fear River, above Wilmington (from Wilmington to Fayetteville, N. C.), when placed under governmental improvement in 1881, was navigable during the nine flush-water months of the year from Wilmington 112 miles upward to Fayetteville; but the channel for the upper 75 miles was badly obstructed by sunken logs, snags, overhanging trees and shoals; and for the upper 66 miles had not water enough to furnish a continuous channel without an artificial contraction of its low water bed. At that time the navigation was owned by private parties. Its commerce is estimated to have been about $800,000 of goods per year.

The original project of 1881-'2, as continued to date, proposed to buy out the private owners of the river for $10,000, then clear out its natural obstructions, to further provide a continuous channel over its upper 66 miles by dredging and by artificially contracting its water way through at least 32 shoals. $59,013.83 has been spent in all upon this improvement up to 30th of June, 1885, giving a moderately well cleared channel over the whole length of the river, a moderately good continuous 4-foot channel during the entire year from Wilmington 44 miles to Kelly's Cove, thence a similar 2-foot channel 26 miles further to Elizabethtown (a place of considerable commerce), and thence a similar 1-foot channel 42 miles further to Fayetteville. In consequence, 3 permanently established steamboat lines have been running over the entire distance with 5-foot draft for seven months each year, and with lessened draft the rest of the time. The commerce during those years has increased about $200,000 per year, has been further benefited by exemption from tolls, and is now over $2,000,000 per year. Owing to the peculiar and varied nature of this work, it was allowably done by hire of labor and open purchase of material.

It was recommended in July, 1885, that this improvement be completed in accordance with the present approved and adopted project so as to insure a thoroughly cleared 4-foot channel from Wilmington 70 miles to Elizabethtown; thence a similar 3-foot channel 42 miles further to Fayetteville at all times of the year; at a total expense of $200,000, including the funds ($5,986.17) then available; this amount to be appropriated in yearly installments of about $60,000 yearly.

Further improvement, so as to extend the navigation above Fayetteville, or so as to increase its depth below Fayetteville, is not recommended.

A Distressing Occurrence.

During a recent pleasant call at our office our friend, Mr. John D. McNeill, of Seventy-First township, gave us the particulars of a deplorable calamity which took place a few days since in that vicinity. All the wedding preparations had been made for the marriage of Miss Annie Peterson, a young lady of the neighborhood, to a Mr. Wheeler, when the house devoted to festivity and enjoyment was transformed into a scene of grief and lamentation by the disappearance of the mother of the bride-elect, Mrs. John Peterson, during a fit of mental aberration.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., the day set for the marriage ceremony, in the midst of all the bustle and haste attendant upon such occasions, Mrs. Peterson left the house and was shortly afterwards missed by the other members of the family, when a search was immediately commenced. She was not found until the afternoon of Saturday, when her dead body was discovered in Nicholson's Creek.

Be Not Too Hasty.

With the sincerest wishes for their prosperity and well-being, we would advise the colored people of this section to exercise extreme caution in dealing with agents from other States who come to employ them as laborers. No one can blame them for embracing every opportunity of improving their condition by higher wages and more comfortable homes; but we have recently heard of two or three instances where the colored people have been aggregiously deceived and shamefully treated by foreign agents—entrapped into "pulling up stakes" and starting for some distant point out West, and then left to shift for themselves on the road. The other day quite a large body of colored emigrants from Robeson county were stranded at Greensboro, on the way to Arkansas, without the means to either go farther or return home—while the specious "agent" was not to be found.

The Social Club.

The young and some of the moderately old men of Fayetteville have formed a club for social recreation and amusement, which we suppose will embrace pretty much the scope and features of the old Clarendon Club, which was for years one of the most popular organizations of Fayetteville—except with our dear, sweet women, who invariably set their pretty faces against all kinds of club enterprises. They should take a more reasonable view of the matter: The amusements of the club are such as any gentleman can harmlessly indulge in; besides, this excellent institution fixes the husband's *status*, so that if he is not at home by a certain hour at night his good wife can either send or go to the club after him; and if he is not there—well, she'll know that he is somewhere else.

A Judicial Fall.

Last week's issue of the Statesville *Landmark* has the following:

Judge McRae slipped up on the steps of Mrs. Morrow's residence, last Sunday, and fell. No bones were broken, but he was considerably hurt. He has been crippled all the week, and has continued the discharge of his official duties with difficulty.

We are glad to know that Judge McRae's injury was not serious; and, while he cannot skip around on his aged limbs on icy doorsteps and pavements with any more impunity than the rest of us, we will venture something, from our knowledge of his ability, fairness and accuracy on the bench, that Judge McRae did not "slip up" in his conflict of opinion with Judge Bond, of which we give an account in another column.

The Mail Service to Clinton.

In response to Hon. W. J. Green's recent effort to procure an increase of mail service between Fayetteville and Clinton, the following has been received by him from the Second Assistant Postmaster General:

Sir—Referring to your recommendation, I have the honor to inform you that the Department does not deem it advisable to grant the request for increase of service on Route 13,419—Fayetteville to Clinton, N. C.—to three times a week, as the compensation of all the postmasters at offices to be benefited amounts to only $91.00 per annum, while the additional cost for increased service would amount to $193.00 per annum.

The mail route between Fayetteville and Clinton is an important one, and the service should have been increased, if possible.

Entirely a Mistake.

Our excellent and generally very accurate contemporary, the Statesville *Landmark*, commenting upon a recent complaint in the Charlotte *Home-Democrat* of the high rates of insurance charged in the thriving city of Charlotte, has the following paragraph:

A Fayetteville paper complains that insurance rates have been raised in that place since a new improved fire engine has been added to the facilities for fighting fire.

The *Landmark* is certainly laboring under an erroneous impression. No such statement as the above was ever made in the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE, and we are nearly sure that our neighbor, the *Evening News*, published no such information. Immediately after the steam fire engine was purchased, the fire insurance agents of Fayetteville reduced their rates without exception—Messrs. Ray, Haigh, McNeill & Co., Pemberton and Cook—and that reduction still remains in force, consisting of a diminution of 25 cents and the discontinuance of the three-fourths value clause. These gentlemen were among the very first to realize the additional security to property by the enhanced efficiency of the fire department, and promptly came to the assistance of their patrons in consequence of this improved condition of affairs in the community.

LOCAL TWINKLINGS.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Philemon Taylor is very ill.

We tender our thanks to Mr. Robert H. Smith for nice turnips and tomato catsup.

Mr. J. W. Hollingsworth has taken a position as subscription and advertising agent of the Daily and Weekly *Evening News*.

"Progressive euchre" has captured the social circles of Fayetteville, and some very pleasant match contests are enjoyed at different private houses.

Dr. J. W. McNeill, we learn, intends to devote a few acres of land in Rockfish township to the cultivation of tobacco, and has engaged the services of an experienced tobacco raiser from the county of Rockingham.

Mr. Jno. D. Brown has just moved into the new store on south Hay street, one door east of that occupied by Mr. R. M. Nimocks himself, and is displaying a varied stock of crockery, wooden-ware, willow-ware, &c., &c.

On the rear premises of Messrs. A. S. Huske & Co. we saw the other day a perfect poultry-show—great fat turkeys and plump chickens, which one of the firm carried us in to admire—just received from Sampson, the land of good things.

Mr. B. P. Lawrason, of the Ontario Province of Canada and a brother of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. G. M. Lawrason, gave us the pleasure of a brief call this week. He has been making this section a short visit, and we regret to feel that, coming from the ice-bound region of Canada, he has not found this such a "sunny South" after all.

Mr. Robert Prior offered for our inspection an evening or two since, some rare and beautiful articles of jewelry and fancy ware, which his house recently ordered in anticipation of certain hymeneal matings and ruthless invasions into the domain of celibacy which are soon to take place. They are fitting accompaniments to the bridal veil and orange wreath.

GENERAL NEWS.

Blair's Educational Bill—Senator Morgan Makes an Elaborate Argument Against It.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1886.—At 2 o'clock the education bill was laid before the Senate and Senator Morgan took the floor. The bill, Senator Morgan said, was a bill to create office and elaborate the machinery of government. It was a bill to tax the honest, hard-working man in order to educate the children of a drunken, loafing vagabond who would not work for his family. If from sixty million people in the United States were to be deducted all the dead-heads, dead-beatsand non-producers there would be about twenty million people left who would have to pay taxes to carry out the provisions of this bill. The bill itself would be equivalent to a tax of $3 *per capita* on those taxpayers, and by the time all the officers were appointed for the administration of this scheme of benevolence, and all the clerks appointed that would be necessary to investigate the accounts of the thirty-eight States and ten Territories affected by the bill, it would be found that the tax *per capita* would be $10 instead of $3. If United States Senators were men who ploughed fields or worked smithies, and paid their taxes out of the sweat of their brow, he could have more respect for them when voting away the money of one man to educate the children of another.

The constitutional ground for the bill, Senator Morgan continued, was said to be found in the general welfare clause of the preamble to the Constitution. Such an application of that clause simply meant that you could pull down the man that got up by his own exertions in order to put up a drunken loafer that would not exert himself. The best people in the United States to-day were those in the backwoods, who, in the fear of God, and having respect for the good order and morals of society, had brought up around their own footstools and hearthstones honest, sincere, diligent and faithful sons and daughters.

In referring to the Act of 1836, distributing among the States the surplus money in the treasury of the General Government, Senator Morgan said that it was an unfortunate precedent.

Senator George: "Did not Calhoun vote for that bill?"

Senator Morgan: "Ah! I do not know, and, with the greatest possible respect for the memory of Calhoun, I do not care. Calhoun has neither my conscience nor my honor to care for. Calhoun voted on both sides of many questions, the tariff, internal improvements, various important constitutional questions, and voted sincerely every time."

After animadverting on the power assumed for and by the English parliament to promote the general welfare of Englishmen by devastating Ireland and starving and degrading the diminishing few who could not escape to the land of liberty, Senator Morgan said: "But I could point you to a nearer and dearer land where the assertion of this power to promote the general welfare by securing the blessings of liberty to men under the Constitution in violation of its guarantees and express limitations, caused the noblest races of men that ever lived to grow anxious, then angry, then to dispute, and then to divide man from man, section from section, church from church and State from State, until they stood in armed array, millions opposed to millions, until the rich tide of fraternal blood that soaked the earth seemed to intoxicate the government and make it drunk with the wild frenzy of war. These brethren of this noble race, whose power in war is made thrice illustrious by their reunited powers in council to discuss, and reason, and act for the general welfare, are here to-day, and are debating in harmonious council whether they will recognize that there are limits and boundaries on their powers as law-makers; or, whether they will again declare their unrestricted right to decree what will promote the general welfare. For my part, I feel grateful that I have had the opportunity to declare boldly and firmly for the faith handed down from the fathers."

Death of Gen. Hancock.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1886.—In front of No. 8, Governor's Island, an orderly this afternoon was passing to and fro. It was the late residence of Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, who had died there at 2:35 o'clock. If the General had lived until the 14th of the present month he would have completed his 62nd year, having been born at Norristown, Pa., February 14, 1824. In the second story front room, furnished with soldier-like simplicity, lay the remains of a general who, as the guards remarked, had led his troops to more battles than any of his military contemporaries. The death of General Hancock was not a surprise to the family. It was a shock to them as to his friends. Twenty days ago he started on business connected with the Department of the Atlantic to Philadelphia, where he remained two days and then proceeded to Washington. In Washington a boil developed on the back of his neck. It was lanced, and again on the 30th, and as the General was much inconvenienced by its presence he returned to New York several days sooner than he had designed doing. During the first week of February the boil developed into a malignant carbuncle, which suppurated constantly and prevented rest or sleep. Dr. Janeway was called in attendance, and it was not until marked weakness had resulted from the presence of the carbuncle that the surgeon discovered that Gen. Hancock was suffering from diabetes. Dr. Janeway called in consultation Dr. Sutherland, medical director of the department, and Dr. D. M. Stinson, of New York. The medical men concluded Monday that the case was assuming a very serious form. At 10 o'clock Monday night before going away, Dr. Janeway found his patient in good spirits and able to assist himself, and left him apparently improved and in charge of hospital steward Robinson. At 6:45 this morning Mrs. Hancock dispatched an orderly for Dr. Janeway, as she feared the General was sinking. The doctor came speedily and found the General in a comatose state, with a feeble pulse and all the premonitory symptoms of death. He summoned the two physicians already named. Gen. Hancock was given injections of brandy and ether, and carbonate of ammonia and brandy were administered. These, however, only alleviated the sufferings of the soldier, who gradually sank away until death was reached at 2:51 P. M., as stated. In the words of Dr. Janeway, "The General went down to the close of his life like a person descending a flight of stairs." When death came the three physicians and the hospital steward only were present. Mrs. Hancock was in an adjoining room. The General leaves his widow and three grandchildren, two girls and one boy, named Mary, Ida and Gwynne, the issue of the General's son, Russell, who died December 26, 1884, and whose loss the General has ever since mourned.

Col. Green's Bill on Oleomargarine.

Hon. W. J. Green has made an attack on counterfeit butter by the recent introduction of the following bill for the suppression of oleomargarine:

WHEREAS, of late years a certain imitation or counterfeit butter, known as "oleomargarine," has been extensively manufactured and sold as the genuine article, thus perpetrating a fraud alike on the innocent purchaser, the cow and the honest dairyman; and

WHEREAS, the said counterfeit has been condemned by the legislature of certain States; and

WHEREAS, from newspaper investigation and report it is a most filthy and villainous substitute: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That whoever manufactures and sells the same to any resident of the District of Columbia or of the Territories, or of any fort, arsenal or dock-yard of the United States, shall have it labeled accordingly "oleomargarine," in plain and unmistakable letters.

SEC. 2. That every retail dealer, in the areas named, who sells the stuff, shall be required to attach a tag to the bucket with the inscription thereon, "This is oleomargarine."

SEC. 3. That every keeper of a tavern, inn, hostelry or boarding-house, or captain of a steamboat, in the areas named, that sets it upon table for the use of guests or boarders, shall place a card by the dish containing it bearing like legend with the above.

SEC. 4. That whoever of the above parties violates the requirements herein contained shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and for every conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine of not less than twenty-five or more than fifty dollars.

Conflict of Jurisdiction Between Judges McRae and Bond.

From the Statesville Landmark.

An interesting question, involving a conflict of jurisdiction between the State and Federal Courts, has arisen during the present term of Iredell Superior Court, in the case of B. F. Long, receiver of the Western Division of the Western North Carolina Railroad Company, vs. the Western North Carolina Railroad and Messrs. Buford, Clyde and Logan.

At spring term, 1885, a petition was filed for a removal of the cause into the United States Circuit Court. After argument, Judge McRae decided that there was no separable controversy between the plaintiff and the non-resident defendants, and declined to "proceed no further" in the cause. The defendants then filed copies of the record in the Federal Court, and a motion was then made by the plaintiff to remand the cause to the State Court. This motion was argued in the Federal Court, and Judge Dick prepared an opinion sustaining the view of the law as taken by the State Judge, and this opinion was published in the law newspapers.

At the present term, when the case was called for trial, the defendants objected to further proceedings here, and announced that Judge Bond had just filed an order refusing the motion to remand. Judge McRae held that his court had jurisdiction and would proceed with the trial of the cause, but the defendants not being ready the cause was continued and set for trial on a day fixed at May term of Iredell Superior Court.

Disastrous Floods Feared in Illinois.

ALTON, Illinois, Feb. 13, 1886.—A disastrous flood is imminent along the Mississippi, unless the weather turns colder and locks up the overflowing streams now pouring their torrents into the Mississippi. This river is now almost at flood height, but is still frozen solid, with the ice gorged in many places entirely to the bottom. There is probably at present as much ice in the river between here and St. Louis as was ever before known. The Missouri and many smaller streams entering it were reported breaking up yesterday and the same report comes from the northern part of this State. In respect to the streams tributary to the Mississippi and the Illinois, unless these northern floods are checked by cold weather until the present high water in the Mississippi runs out, a great flood seems imminent. The river here rose nine inches last night and is still coming up.

MARRIED.

GAINEY—TAYLOR.—In Black River Township, on Feb. 4, at the residence of the bride's father, by Z. Taylor, J. P., Mr. W. F. GAINEY to Miss JULIA A. TAYLOR.

GENERAL FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886.

N. C. BACON—		HIDES—	
Hog Round,	11@12	Flint—good,	10@11
Sides,	12	Flint—damaged,	5@8
Hams,	14@15	Dry Salt,	9@10
WEST. BULK MEATS—		Green,	5
Sides,	6½	IRON—	
Shoulders,	5½	American,	3
WESTERN BACON—		Swedes,	5@6
Sides,	7¾	LARD—	
Hams,	13@16½	N. Carolina,	10@11
Shoulders,	6½	Western,	9@11
BAGGING,	10½@12	LEATHER—	
BEEF—		Up country,	35@40
On foot,	2@3	Sole, Hemlock,	25@27
Dressed,	6@7	Harness, c'try,	30
BEESWAX,	20@21	MOLASSES,	25@40
BUTTER—		NAILS—	
North Carolina,	18@20	(10d basis),	3.00
Northern,	25@35	PORK—	
COFFEE—		Fresh,	5@7
Java,	22@25	Mess,	(None.)
Rio,	9@12½	POTATOES—	
COTTON YARN,	85@95	Sweet,	35@40
COTTON TIES,	1.15@1.40	Irish—bbl.,	3.00@3.25
CHICKENS,	15@20	SALT,	90@1.00
EGGS,	12½	SUGARS—	
FLOUR—		Coffee,	6¼@7
N. C. Family,	4.75	Granulated,	7¾@9
West. Fam.,	4.00@7.00	SHEETINGS,	6
FODDER,	@85	SHUCKS,	45
GRAIN—		TALLOW,	5
Corn—new,	60@65	WOOL,	16
Oats,	55@60	SPIRITS—	
Rye,	90	Corn Whisky,	1.45
Peas—new,	60@65	Rye Whisky,	1.65
HAY—		Apple Brandy,	1.15
N. Carolina,	40@60	Peach Brandy,	2.00
Northern,	1.00@1.25		

Fayetteville Cotton and Naval Stores Market.

COTTON.—The market opened on Monday of this week at 8¼ cents, at which price it continued on Tuesday and yesterday, with the market quiet.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits was steady yesterday at 37 cents.

Rosin was dull, prices ranging from 55 and 60 cents for common to $2.50 for fine grades.

Crude Turpentine—Hard 80@$1.00, Yellow Dip $1.50, Virgin $1.70.

Wilmington Market.

Special Telegram to Observer and Gazette.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 17, 1886.—Middling cotton closes firm at 8¼ cents. Spirits firm at 41 cents. Rosin firm at 75 cents for Strained and 80 cents for Good Strained.

WORTH & WORTH.

A CHILD TOSSING IN ITS SLEEP INDICATES worms. An army of them are at work eating the vitals away. One dose of Shriner's Indian Vermifuge will destroy them and save its life.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW SPRING HATS.

The Celebrated "Stetson" and Other Popular Styles.

ROSE & LEAK

Are now receiving their stock of Spring Hats in all the new designs and fashions. These goods have been held back a short time so as to include the very latest Blocks in Stiff Brim, Fur and Silk Hats.

ROSE & LEAK

Believe their stock is unsurpassed either in quality or quantity by any house in the city.

GENTLEMEN OF TASTE

Can rely upon getting the most approved and correct styles at

ROSE & LEAK'S.

February 18, 1886.

Butterick's Patterns.

All the ladies use these fashionable patterns. They are for sale at

ROSE & LEAK'S

at New York prices. Should a pattern not be found in the large stock, it will be ordered at once.

Respectfully,

February 18, 1886. ROSE & LEAK.

Ziegler's Shoes

ROSE & LEAK

have just received the first installment (this spring) of

Ziegler's Shoes.

Their spring order was placed some time ago and is being carefully filled by

GEORGE H. ZIEGLER,

the son of the senior member of the firm of

ZIEGLER BROS.

☞ Our customers are buying these Shoes every day, and perfect satisfaction is given in every instance.

ROSE & LEAK.

feb 18-3t

NOTICE!

I have opened out in my NEW STORE on HAY STREET a fine line of

GROCERIES,

FERTILIZERS

(of various brands),

Wagons, Wagon Harness, Plows, Castings and General Family Supplies,

which I offer to the trade AT LOWEST PRICES. I beg to call special attention to the merits of the

Tennessee Wagon and Dixie Boy Plow.

No better Wagon or turning Plow sold. I have just received a lot of 100 STONEWALL COTTON PLOWS, so popular with the trade. My goods are bought direct of first hands, and are offered at but a small margin above cost.

☞ I still continue my old stand on Gillespie street as heretofore. Call and examine my stock and prices before buying elsewhere.

feb 18 tf R. M. NIMOCKS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Received To-Day.

FRANK THORNTON.

BLACK SILKS — BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS PRICES: BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS 50c. BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS 75c. BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS 95c. BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS $1.25. BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS $1.50. BLACK SILKS
BLACK SILKS — BLACK SILKS

FRANK THORNTON.

feb 18-tf

For Weddings,

PARTIES, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, OR just an ordinary good dinner, we have just in a splendid lot of

Turkeys and Chickens,

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, &c., &c.

Feb. 18-tf A. S. HUSKE & CO.

Don't Forget the Texas Horror.

EXTRACTS OF

Vanilla & Lemon

OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE.

GUARANTEED

Pure, Harmless and of Full Strength.

For sale by

feb 18-2t H. R. HORNE.

EUREKA!

"THE DAISY."

ALL FARMERS IN NEED of a TURN PLOW will find it to their interest to examine "THE DAISY" at our Sample Rooms before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as any on the market, and satisfactory performance of work guaranteed or money refunded.

feb 18-4m A. E. RANKIN & CO.

Golden Crown Cologne.

Rich, Delicate and Lasting.

Manufactured and sold by

feb 18-2t H. R. HORNE.

TOBACCO!

The Durham Bull Tobacco Fertilizer

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION!

It is excellent for plant beds, does not burn the young plant, and insures a quick and vigorous growth. There is none superior to the old reliable

"STAR BRAND"

SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE.

It gives the plant a quick growth and silky texture, and causes it to yellow finely on the hill.

☞ All for sale by

Feb. 18. A. E. RANKIN & CO. 4m

A CARD.

On or about the 10th of January last Mr. John Wesley Carroll, while bringing a mattress out of the Postoffice building after night made a misstep and caught the heel of his right foot on the edge of one of the steps, throwing him on the brick pavement with very great force, catching all of the fall on his right knee; from which fall he is unable to get about yet. He and his wife desire to express their sincere gratitude and thankfulness to their many friends who are so kind to them in their affliction, and especially to all of those who contributed to their welfare in the pounding on the night of the 9th inst., which was collected and brought to their house by friends, making many hearts to rejoice to see the table well-laden with from one pound to twelve pound bundles, and a pocket-book with near $5.00, making in all about $12.00 in pounds and money. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given He will pay him again." Prov. xix, 17.

Written by request of Mr. Carroll and wife.

It ROBERT H. SMITH.

Standard Fertilizers.

Walton, Whann & Co.'s Plow brand.
Walton, Whann & Co.'s Reliance.
Quinnipiac Co. Pine Island.
Pocomoke Super Phosphate.
Walker's Cotton Phosphate.
L. & R. Acid Phosphate.
L. & R. Guano.
Stono Soluble Guano.
Stono Acid Phosphate.

These goods are equal to any and superior to many brands.

☞ Agricultural Lime.

feb 18-tf J. B. STARR.

For Rent.

THE McINTYRE RESIDENCE on PERSON street to a satisfactory tenant on reasonable terms.

Call on

It J. D. WILLIAMS.

SEDBERRY

ALWAYS IN TIME!

He has just received a large supply of

BUIST'S

—CELEBRATED—

Garden Seeds,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Seed Motto: "NEW and FRESH or None."

jan 7-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

—AT—

PEMBERTON & PRIOR'S

NEW DRUG STORE.

PURE and GENUINE MEDICINES,

FRESH GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS,

Fine Perfumery, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

ALSO, ALL THE

Leading Patent Medicines of the Day.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully Compounded Day and Night.

feb 11-tf

Sheriff's Sale.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 10TH DAY of MARCH, 1886, (the 3rd day of Court), I will sell at the Court House door in the town of Fayetteville, to the highest bidder, for cash, one tract of land in Cumberland county, containing about sixty (60) acres and bounded as follows: Lying in Flea Hill township, about four miles from Fayetteville, on the east side of Cape Fear River, and on both sides of the river, and adjoining the lands of Thos. McDaniel, Autry, Talbert and others, to satisfy an execution in my hands for collection against S. B. Talbert, issued under a judgment rendered upon part purchase money due for said land, and which has been levied on said land as the property of S. B. Talbert.

NEILL McQUEEN,
feb 11-4t Sheriff Cumberland County.

THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.



OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

☞ Office North-east corner Market Square.

April 29, 1880. 2-tf

BURNED OUT!

But Ready for Business Again!

MY FRIENDS can find me opposite the Postoffice. Roofing, Guttering, Roof Repairing and Painting done at short notice. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, and all kinds of Stoves repaired as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

jan 21-tf A. E. BRAMBLE.

CHAS. GLOVER'S HOTEL,

(Formerly Proprietor of the Fayetteville Hotel.)

Is situated on corner of Hay and Railroad streets

IN A DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT PORTION OF THE CITY,

and conveniently located for the traveling public.

The General Conduct of the House will be HOMELIKE.

Lunches, Meals, Hot Coffee and Tea Served on Arrival of Each Train.

CHAS. GLOVER,
dec 3-tf Proprietor.

MERCHANT MILLS.

The Old Reliable Again to the Front!

IN STOCK and to arrive, all kinds of GRAIN. With a double set of Burrs I am able to turn out a large quantity of Meal per day and can thus offer special inducements to buyers of Ground Stuff.

Flouring Mill in first class order.

Feed Meal—corn, peas and oats—Cracked Corn and Oats, Bran, &c., a specialty.

Bolted Meal, same price as unbolted.

THE PLACE to get your Wool Carded or Cotton Ginned. JAS. D. McNEILL.

Fayetteville, May 28, 1885. 120-tf

HENRY L. COOK,

Attorney at Law.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

All business entrusted to his care will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

☞ May be found at the office of Thomas H. Sutton, Esq. jan 7-tf

Guano. Kainit. Acid.

The attention of FARMERS and the public generally is invited to the fact that I am now receiving my first consignment of

FERTILIZERS,

which consists of

4,000 BAGS SEA FOWL AND BRADLEY'S GUANO,
1,000 BAGS ACID, (Charleston),
1,000 " KAINIT, (German), *direct*.

Sea Fowl Guano

is the oldest brand sold in this State, and is fully up to standard.

During the season I shall keep constantly on hand full lines of

Bacon, Corn, Oats,
Sugar, Coffee, Molasses,
Tobacco, Flour, Soap,
Concentrated Lye, &c.

☞ All of which I offer for sale on reasonable terms.

jan 7-4m E. F. MOORE.

North and South Carolina Branches

—OF THE—

VALLEY MUTUAL Life Association

OF VIRGINIA.

DR. CARTER BERKLEY,

ACTING MANAGER.

I have been appointed to take charge of the business of the Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia for this State. I want the assistance of 25 live agents to canvass the State.

This company was organized eight years ago by some of the leading business men of Virginia with the view of furnishing our people with good, sound insurance at the lowest possible cost. Its success has been unprecedented, certainly far exceeding any company ever organized in the South. Its liabilities, from its organization to this date, have been fully met. Its reserve fund of $108,000, securely invested, with an actual membership of about 8,000, aggregating $15,009,000 of insurance.

My office is No. 6 East Martin street, Raleigh, N. C. All communications will receive prompt attention.

CARTER BERKLEY,
feb 4-3t Acting Manager.

Faint Heart, Endure!

O weary, murmuring soul!
Yearning in spirit for the Lord's release,
Impatient for thy pilgrimage to cease,
While yet far from the goal!

This strengthening word of cheer—
A sunbeam, gladdening Earth's lone desert waste—
He who believes on me shall not make haste,
Falls on my listening ear.

Earth's laborers may repine,
When tardy nightfall lengthens out the day;
Their weary eyes may chide the long delay—
But O my soul, not thine!

They may despond; but thou,
The servant, nay, the *child* of God, the heir
Of glory everlasting:—shouldst thou wear
Such gloom upon thy brow?

Thy wistful glances trace
The nearer path to heaven that some have trod;
The path baptized by their tears and blood,
Who ran the martyr's race.

What! Couldst thou, fearless, drink
That cup of mortal agony and woe?
'Neath the dread terror of the severing blow
Would flesh nor spirit shrink?

Presumptuous, sinful thought!
E'en now thou faintest, when thy eager lips
Find sorrow in joy's cup. One hour's eclipse
Of light to thee is fraught

With horror and dismay!
And couldst thou walk serene through Death's dark vale?
Would not thy footsteps falter and thy spirit fail
Without one gladdening ray?

Nay, leave to God, Allwise,
The ordering of the path. Be thine alone
The earnest care to walk as He hath shown,
With heaven-directed eyes.

The promise standeth sure!
Seest not the glorious crown hung at the goal?
Fear not! In patient strength possess thy soul:
Firm to the end endure!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Warm Welcome from his Prospective Father-in-Law.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," said a young man on a street-car the other morning to an elderly and near-sighted passenger who had come off from home without his spectacles; "going up town?"

"Yes; got to do a lot of trading at the stores, an' I don't know how on airth I'll get along without my glasses."

"Getting ready for the wedding, I suppose."

"Yes; my darter Emma is goin' to git married. She an' that good-for-nothin' Hank Williams hev made a match of it at last. I thought that young man would never git down to bizzness. He's as slow as sorghum merlasses in January and as shiftless as an Injun. I don't believe he can earn his salt, an' I s'pose I'll have to support him."

"But, Mr. Johnson—"

"Oh, he's good enough for Emmer. That's the worst girl I ever raised. She aint a bit like her mother nor me, nuther. I hev to pull her out of bed every morning, an' she's as lazy as an old dog. She can't bake an' she aint worth a cent on the sew. A fine poor man's wife she'll make. Besides, she has bunions on her feet as big as Early Rose pertaters, an' she can eat more'n a horse. An' that aint the worst of it. If 'twarnt for her mother that girl wouldn't keep herself clean, an' she never thinks of slickin' up her hair an' puttin' on somethin' nice 'cept when company's expected. She's a reg'lar slouch, Emmer is, an' she can wear out seven pairs of shoes a year. But she's good enough for Hank Williams, an' if he'll only support her I'll be tarnal glad to git her off my hands. S'pose you've got an invite to the weddin'?"

"Yes, I'm invited. You don't seem to know me, Mr. Johnson."

"Yes, I do, but I can't just place you. Let me see—I haven't got my glasses with me—but I know you; your name is—is—"

"Hank Williams, sir."

Reciting Proverbs.

"Come, Johnny; now you recite your proverb," said the schoolmistress glibly to a six-year-o'd urchin at her public school examination.

"Please ma'am, I've forgot."

"Well, I'll help you a little: 'People who live in glass-houses'—now give us the rest."

"People who live in glass-houses should pull down the blinds!" shouted Johnny, triumphantly. He took the prize.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Light Bread.

Dissolve one cake of yeast in a cupful of warm water; boil five or six good-sized Irish potatoes (sweet potatoes are almost as good if Irish are scarce, and very nice bread can be made without either, though it is better to have one or the other if possible); when done, peel, and add three cupfuls of water, salt and a little soda if the yeast is in the least sour, as is frequently the case, two tablespoonfuls of sugar or molasses, half a cupful of lard (or none, if you like the bread to dry rapidly after baking) and flour to make quite a soft dough. Work with the hand for five or ten minutes, set it under the stove where no cold draught can strike it, and in the morning it will be well-risen. Then work in the flour until it is as stiff as biscuit dough, knead well for half an hour and set away to rise again, which will be in about an hour. Rub the top over with lard, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Golden Pudding.

One cupful of granulated sugar, one egg, one cupful of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two and a half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Pour into a shallow tin and bake for twenty-five minutes. It should be served warm, with a sauce made as follows: Stir to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of sugar; moisten with a little cold water, add two teaspoonfuls of flour, and pour a pint of boiling water over it to scald it, then stirring in the butter and sugar; beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and stir it into the sauce just before sending it to the table; flavor with lemon.

Sponge Pudding.

One-fourth cupful of sugar, half a cupful of flour, one pint of boiled milk, one-fourth cupful of butter and the yolks of three eggs. Mix the flour and sugar, moistened with a little cold milk, and stir into the boiling milk. Cook until it thickens and is smooth; add the butter, and when well mixed stir it into the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, and then add the whites beaten stiff. Bake in cups, a shallow dish or paper cases in a hot oven. Serve with a creamy sauce flavored with lemon.

Orange Pie.

The pulp and juice of two oranges, a little of the grated peel, the yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of milk. Stir the yolks with the sugar, then a tablespoonful of butter, then the pulp and juice, lastly the milk. Bake in a dish, and after the pie has cooled spread on it the whites of the three eggs, stiffly frothed and sweetened. Then set it again on the fire to brown slightly.

FARM TOPICS.

THE SOUTH SELF-SUSTAINING.

The Southern States Able to Raise Their Own Supplies.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Can the Southern farmers double their crops of corn, potatoes, oats, hay and other farm products, make all the cotton the world needs besides, and at the same time raise two pounds of meat where they now raise one? We believe that they can do all this without any addition to their labor whatever, and that they can do so, too, in less than five years. We think we can prove the correctness of this statement, basing our proof upon facts which no one can dispute.

The most of the cotton and corn lands of the South have been worn out by a bad and loose system of cropping, by neglecting a proper rotation of crops, and by persistently throwing away cotton seed and manure for more than half a century.

The humus and valuable mineral matter have been slowly destroyed or gradually carted away from the old cultivated fields. These wasted elements of fertility can be restored, and the lands can be made to produce with an abundance equal to that of virgin soil, at an expense which should be considered insignificant when compared with the great value of the work when completed.

Numerous are the instances in the South where worn-out lands, which had previously failed to produce one hundred pounds of lint cotton or eight bushels of corn to the acre, have in a few years been worked up five-fold in producing capacity. Some have been making three bales of cotton on lands where formerly not one bale was made, and ten bushels of corn where one was produced before.

The whole matter of bringing out again the poor lands of the South and enhancing also the producing capacity of the better soil rests upon the careful saving and management of home-made manures and compost heaps, the judicious selection of really good commercial fertilizers and the field pea. These are the three giants which, with careful, systematic management and the intelligent utilization of their great fertilizers, with an abiding faith added in steady, solid work, could accomplish this mighty work of doubling the producing capacity of the South in five years.

The whole matter of making the Southern States prosperous and independent forever rests with the farmers. If they would all inform themselves thoroughly of the needs of the soil, the best time and method of applying the elements and ingredients needed—the great key to success, after all—and would industriously apply their information, in five years the Southern States would be amply supplied with home-made corn, pork, beef and all other farm products, with a surplus to sell, besides making cotton enough to clothe the world. We have not a doubt with regard to the correctness of these calculations.

Experiments in Farming.

From the Rural Home.

A few years ago there was little or no experimenting done by farmers; this was left for the experiment stations, but we predict that there will be much more experimental work done by farmers in the next decade or two than ever before.

The farmer is waking up to a realization of the fact that it is economy to know what to buy before he buys it, what to sow before he sows it and what his soil needs before he feeds it.

A small portion of the field or garden should be set apart for experimental work in testing different varieties of grain or fruit, the effects of different fertilizers on his soil, etc. Thus theories may be brought to a plain, practical test, and he will gain an experience which will enable him to act wisely and judiciously on a more extensive scale.

One thing, however, is to be avoided:—pronouncing too quickly on results, or generalizing from a single trial. For instance, under certain circumstances concentrated fertilizers will do more harm than good: the time and quantity—the method of application—must be varied. What will produce good results on one kind of soil will not on another; and some peculiarity of climate might make a vast difference in the success with which even the best of fertilizers could be applied.

So, in the trial of new fruits or grain, new implements, new methods of any kind, be not in haste to pronounce judgment on them.

Preparation of Land.

It is not enough to plough, cultivate and harrow the land, and, where required, to drain and subsoil it. This may be done, and the land still not be in the required condition, even if pulverized and rendered loose, to admit of easy cultivation: to have a favorable appearance and fill the requisite conditions, it should reach the point of mellowness—a term largely applied and but little understood. It means a condition which the implements used in working the soil alone cannot secure. Hence disappointment often results where great pains have been taken to reduce and prepare a harsh soil. On close examination it will be found that the large lumps have only been reduced to smaller lumps; and it matters not how far this reduction may have been carried by implements—the soil, in its finest state, is still harsh; it does not hug the roots closely, nor readily yield its fertility; it is not mellow, which means a condition of complete disintegration, the ultimate degree of fineness of which the soil is capable.

Care in Breeding Stock.

Farmers should study the philosophy of breeding to some extent, and be able to pair their stock so as to secure the best results. There is more in this than is commonly supposed. Every animal has certain faults and certain excellencies. The faults should be corrected and the excellencies perpetuated, and this can be done only by proper and judicious mating. Every stock raiser should make it his study to grow the best animals possible and to improve them by every means in his power. There are both pleasure and profit in growing fine stock, but neither in growing poor animals. In fact, when a farmer becomes burdened with a big lot of inferior stock, he is then in a fair way to lose money, become discouraged, and finally conclude that farming don't pay. Poor stock is a burden to any farmer; it will not pay to keep and feed as a free gift, and the wise man who owns any of this class of animals will make every effort to replace them with better ones.

The Farmer's Content.

The farmer is the freest man on earth, and should be the most independent. He has more latitude and longitude than any other man—a house in the country with plenty of pure air and good water; if he accumulates but little, he has occasion to spend but little. He can raise all the supplies for his family's wants, and throughout winter's bleakness enjoys the blazing fireside for which the city man vainly sighs.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest at Home and Abroad.

There are 123 American students at the University of Berlin this year.

"Bismarck's Baby Powder" is advertised in the German newspapers.

There are three times as many telephones in the United States as in all Europe.

Asparagus in glass jars is a new imported substitute for the fresh vegetable.

Books on social etiquette are selling like hot cakes all over Washington this winter.

One of the skating rink papers published in the Northwest is known as *The Revolver.*

Mme. Judic's two children, a daughter and a son, are at school at Worthing, in England.

Spain has established a vaccination institute with a corps of thirteen physicians and attendants.

The Fijians have just been celebrating the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity in the Islands.

John Wannamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, has a face as smooth as a boy's, and never shaves.

Twenty years ago hardly any butter was imported into England. Now 90 per cent. of all that is used is imported.

Mr. Tennyson admits that he once tried for six weeks to be a vegetarian, and slipped up on Christmas roast pig.

The judge who passed the first death sentence in California is now pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridge, Md.

At the beginning of the present century it was considered "fast" by respectable Londoners to have sofas in the parlor.

The entries and filings of public lands made in the land office at Olympia, W. T., during 1885, aggregated 287,673 acres.

Tony Denier, the famous "Humpty Dumpty," has retired from the stage. He is worth $100,000, and lives in great style in Chicago.

General Logan has a room fitted up in his new Washington house in which he spends several hours a day doing carpenter work.

Sir Richard Sutton, the owner of the *Genesta*, had to pay £40 to get his American challenge cups through the English custom-house.

It is claimed that Col. Bob. Ingersoll loves children almost as much as he loves money. It is a bad man who has no redeeming traits.

The Shah of Persia is his own poet laureate. As he both won and conferred the laurels, it may be well imagined that they came easily.

Attorney General Garland furnishes the Jeffersonian simplicity for the Cabinet, and the New York and New England members furnish the magnificence.

Colored servants are no longer fashionable. In Washington they have been replaced by Frenchmen of such lordly air that they are often mistaken for guests.

Billy Cook, colored, aged ninety years, of Spottsylvania county, Va., was married lately. The bride, who is the old man's third wife, is only twenty-five years old.

Mirabeau is honored again. A commemorative tablet is to be affixed by the Partisans to the house at No. 42 Rue de la Chaussee-d'Antin, in which he died on the 2nd of April, 1791.

A dinner was given at a New York hotel last week, of eight covers, that cost $600. The pheasants and saddles of mutton came from England, the grouse from Scotland and the truffles from France.

One of the reasons for the decline in the price of quinine is that the bark is now removed from the trees in strips, and the wounds thus caused are healed with moss, so that the tree does not die but gives a new yield yearly.

VALUABLE INFORMATION ON ALL SUBJECTS.

Iowa Forestry.

In Iowa, an acre planted in timber, with trees not more than twelve feet apart, exempts $100 worth of property from taxation. It is said that the increased valuation of property on account of tree planting makes the property of the State so much greater as to decrease the rate of taxation, and thus all classes are gainers.

Railways in Brazil.

Recent figures place the length of Brazilian railways at 5,036 English miles, of which 3,802 miles are in operation and 1,234 miles are still in process of construction. Of this mileage 903 miles belong to the Brazilian government and are valued at £11,440,000. The longest railway in the government system is the Dom Pedro, whose length is 434 miles, and which is valued at about £8,000,000.

Railroad Land Grants.

The Governmental land grants to the railroads average 6,812 acres for each mile constructed or intended to be constructed. The cost to the Government, allowing an average price of $1.25 per acre, has been $8,515, while a completed mile of railroad is worth not less than $30,000, without accounting for any indirect increase in national wealth through the greater development offered.

New Use for Paper.

A new application of paper is its use as a substitute for wood in blocks or bars, whenever a knife is employed in a mechanical cutter. It is found valuable in the paper mills where an under cutter is used; also in the cutting of blocks of envelope work, one outlasting a dozen of the wooden blocks. In its manufacture sheets of paper are compressed by enormous force into blocks or bars, harder than wood and far more durable.

The French Working Classes.

According to a return issued by the French Chamber of Commerce, the working population of France is distributed among the various branches of industry as follows: Collieries (342), 106,415 hands; peat works (1,055), 27,977; iron mines (353), 8,468; other metalliferous mines (60), 4,422; iron works (359), 57,000; china and earthen ware factories (412), 18,708; glass-houses (162), 23,421; paper mills and cardboard factories (535), 32,655; gas works (619), 10,575; candle manufactories (157), 8,603; soap works (338), 3,509; sugar works (512), 62,526; textile factories (5,024), 353,383.

The Western Grain Elevators.

From the Pioneer Press.

The grain elevators show an aggregate capacity of 33,584,400 bushels on lines which carry to Minneapolis, besides 9,824,000 at Minneapolis itself, 1,500,000 at St. Paul, and 9,460,000 at Duluth, or 54,368,400 bushels in all. The number of elevators is 1,573. The capacity of elevators on different roads is given as follows:

St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, 11,481,000; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, 8,222,500; Chicago & Northwestern, 5,681,000; Northern Pacific, 4,859,200; Minneapolis & St. Louis, 2,206,200. The average cost of the elevators is said to have been about 20 cents per bushel of capacity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

T. W. BROADFOOT & CO.
Successors to S. J. HINSDALE.
——Wholesale and Retail Dealers in——
PURE AND GENUINE
Medicines and Chemicals
PETROLEUM OIL AND LAMPS,
SPICES, FINE PERFUMERY,
TOOTH AND HAIR BRUSHES,
WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS,
OILS AND VARNISHES, SOAPS,
POTASH, STARCH, DYE STUFFS,
CHOICE GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.
We have just received a large lot of LANDRETH'S NEW CROP
Garden and Flower Seeds,
Always RELIABLE,
and are now ready to supply the demand with
Fortilizing Chemicals of all kinds.
☞ N. B. Very best selected Tobacco Seed furnished to Planters FREE.
jan 14-tf

CALL AND SEE THE
AURORA
WATCH,
WHICH HAS BEEN PRONOUNCED BY
1,500
WATCHMAKERS
TO BE
The Best Made
FOR THE MONEY,
AND FOR WHICH WE ARE
SOLE AGENTS
AT
Prior's Jewelry Store.
jan 21 tf



JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,
Undertakers and Cabinet Makers,
Furniture Upholstered and Varnished.
ALWAYS on hand a full stock of Wooden, White Glass and Metallic Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes all sizes and styles.
All orders filled promptly *night* or day.
☞ Hearse furnished in town or country
We are also prepared to furnish
TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,
in any style. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
J. R. McNEILL & SON,
Fayetteville, N. C.
March 12, 1885. 109-tf

A. GARRASON,
—DEALER IN—
HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES,
General Family Supplies,
HAY STREET,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
aug 13 131-tf



ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible
Over 500 Beautiful Designs.
BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.
Send for Price List & Circulars.
MANUFACTURED BY
MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY,
BRIDGEPORT CONN.
dec 24 tf J. B. STARR, AGENT, Fayetteville, N. C.

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS



NO HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if FOUTZ'S Powders are used in time.
FOUTZ'S Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.
FOUTZ'S Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.
FOUTZ'S Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
FOUTZ'S Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.
For sale by
dec 24-1y H. R. HORNE, Fayetteville, N. C.

A BARGAIN.
PAPERS BY THE HUNDRED FOR SALE at the office of the OBSERVER AND GAZETTE at a low price. This will be found very cheap wrapping and waste paper for laying down carpets, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THANKS.
GEO. A. THOMSON,
HEADQUARTERS,
would tender his grateful appreciation to his patrons for their very efficient help in distributing Wares and Merchandise sent out to
HEADQUARTERS
BY MR. SANTA CLAUS,
And wishing Everyone a very, very
Happy New Year,
would state that he will lose no time in
REPLENISHING
His Sadly Depleted STOCK.
And while his Christmas stock is entirely gone,
The More Substantial, Being the Basis of
HEADQUARTERS,
Provisions, Family Supplies,
Crockery, Glassware
Tin, Wood and Willow Ware,
With Hardware and Cutlery,
will be found fully up to the demand, and any missing link will be furnished by wire and rail, on very short notice.
I again thank my patrons for their liberality, and promise, for
1886,
My Untiring Zeal
To Meet Their Every Want and Give Them the Advantage of
18 Years' Experience
In selecting and buying goods.
Feeling that the quality and prices of my wares, with polite and efficient help, merited me the large increase in my sales, I shall continue to guard
THAT MUTUAL INTEREST,
and for any seeming neglect or delay most humbly beg pardon.
Calling attention to the area of this town and pressing demand for [orders delayed until last minute] immediate delivery of goods, I beg my patrons to give their orders the day before or as early in the morning as is
PRACTICABLE.
A Pressing Invitation is Extended
TO EVERYONE.
I do not propose to do all the business of this city, but most cheerfully will I show and price my goods, and as heretofore have
My Doors Swung
From early morn till shadows in the west grow deep.
GEO. A. THOMSON,
HEADQUARTERS.
jan 7-tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Land Sale.
UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE made on the 4th day of August, 1884, to John M. Graham by Daniel E. Cameron and Margaret Cameron his wife, recorded in Book T, pages 211 and 212, in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Harnett, State of North Carolina, to secure the payment of a certain note made on the 4th day of August, 1884, by the said Daniel E. Cameron, in the sum of $205, I will on the 1st Monday in March, 1886, sell at auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in the town of Lillington, two contiguous tracts or parcels of land adjoining the lands of Flora Cameron, the lands of John W. Cameron, Neill McNeill and F. J. Swann, first tract containing 100 acres, deeded to Daniel E. Cameron by John W. Cameron. Said deed is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Harnett county, in book B, page 450. Second tract containing 100 acres, granted from the State of North Carolina to Daniel E. Cameron. Said grant is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Harnett county, in book Q, pages 10 and 12.
feb 11-ts JOHN M. GRAHAM.

Valuable Land for Sale.
THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE THE following lands, viz: 133 acres joining Lutterloh, Kennedy and others—a valuable tract of good lowlands—a portion cleared and drained; 105 acres joining Carmichael, Townsend and others; 108 acres joining the above tract; 80 acres joining D. Ray and others. All in 71st Township. D. SHAW.
February 2, 1886. feb 11 2t-pd

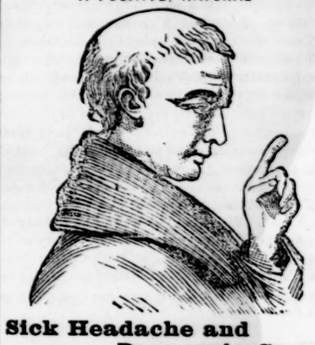
Sale Under Execution.
North Carolina—Cumberland County,
SUPERIOR COURT—MARCH TERM, 1886.
At the Court House door in Fayetteville, on Monday, March 8, 1886, at 12 o'clock M., I will expose to sale by public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the homestead tract of Daniel R. Darroch, containing 175 acres, more or less, joining the lands of Johnson Wright, Murchison and others, known as the residence of D. R. Darroch, and upon which he now lives, as the property of D. R. Darroch, (only the interest of said D. R. Darroch, that is a life estate in said lands, will be sold) to satisfy an execution in my hands for collection against said D. R. Darroch.
NEILL McQUEEN.
feb 4-4t Sheriff Cumberland County.

Land for Sale.
225 ACRES OF LAND, BELONGING TO C. H. & H. G. HILL, ON WILMINGton road, 5 miles from Fayetteville for division. Land sandy loam, clay subsoil, some swamp—good for fruits, corn, cotton and tobacco. Locality healthy; abundance of fine water. Fences, tenant and outhouses good. Will be sold in two tracts of 100 or 125 acres each if desired. For terms apply to
H. G. HILL.
feb 4-1m

THE GRAPE CURE.
Sal-Muscatelle
IN AMERICA
WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!
The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state from grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of
HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.



Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.
Sal-Muscatelle
A POSITIVE, NATURAL



Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.
Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It applies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your home and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.
Prepared by the
LONDON SAL-MUSCATELLE CO.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.
Beware of imitations. The genuine in blue wrappers only.
☞ Send for circulars to G. EVANOVITCH, General American Manager, P. O. Box 1968, New York City.
Mention this paper.
—AGENT—
B. E. SEDBERRY, Druggist,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
feb 4-1y

THE FAYETTEVILLE SEWING MACHINE
—AND—
MUSIC HOUSE!
The Largest in the Town of Fayetteville.
If you wish a
Sewing Machine,
of any kind, call on us.
If you wish a
Piano or Fine Toned Cabinet Organ,
call on us.
Don't fail to give us a call when in town. Orders attended to promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
J. H. FARRAR, Manager.
Gillespie Street, Next to E. F. Moore.
July 23. 128 tf

THE LARGEST SEED HOUSE IN THE SOUTH.
ALL KINDS OF
SEEDS AND PLANTS
Send for New Illustrated Catalogue for 1886, and prices of Field Seeds. Mailed FREE.
T. W. WOOD & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail Seedsman, Richmond, Va.
Jan. 14 3m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALTER WATSON
RAY'S CORNER, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.



Notice! Notice! Notice!
—TO—
Carpenters, Bricklayers, Mill Wrights, Blacksmiths, Plasterers, Stonemasons and Turpentine Operators:
A FULL LINE OF THE VERY BEST
TOOLS
—CAN BE FOUND AT THE—
HARDWARE STORE
—OF—
WALTER WATSON
Manufacturer of all kinds of
EDGE TOOLS
GUNS, RIFLES, &C., &C.
—AGENT FOR—
Laflin & Rand's Celebrated GRANULATED and other brands of
Sporting Powder
☞ Orders filled direct from magazine.
—AGENT FOR—
Fairbanks Scales
At Factory Prices.
A FULL STOCK OF
ENGLISH CAST STEEL,
PLOW IRON AND STEEL,
TIRE BAND AND SHEET IRON,
HORSE AND MULE SHOE,
HORSE SHOE NAIL,
CUT AND WROUGHT NAIL.
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
I am still manufacturing
The Old-fashioned Wrought Plow
☞ I am now to be found at Ray's corner opposite my former store.
jan 21-tf WALTER WATSON.

OVERBAUGH HOUSE
A. OVERBAUGH, Proprietor,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE OF COMMERCIAL Agents and travelers is a sufficient guaranty of its excellent accommodations and good management. It stands among the first hotels of the State. Conducted by the proprietor, every effort possible will be put forth for the pleasure and comfort of its guests.
oct 29 tf.

A. E. RANKIN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers,
Keep everything usually found in a
First-Class Grocery.
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
April 26, 1883. 1tf

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway.
CONDENSED TIME TABLE NO. 13.
To take effect at 5:00 A. M., Nov. 22, 1885.
TRAIN NORTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville,		7:30 a. m.
Shoe Heel,	9:40 a. m.	9:50 a. m.
Fayetteville,	12:00 m.	12:30 p. m.
Sanford,	2:15 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
Ore Hill,	3:45 p. m.	
Liberty,	4:37 p. m.	
Greensboro,	6:00 p. m.	

Dinner at Fayetteville.
TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro,		9:30 a. m.
Liberty,		11:05 a. m.
Ore Hill,		12:00 m.
Sanford,	1:20 p. m.	1:45 p. m.
Fayetteville,	3:50 p. m.	4:05 p. m.
Shoe Heel,	6:05 p. m.	6:15 p. m.
Bennettsville,	7:30 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford.
Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m. and Fayetteville at 8 p. m.
Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m. and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m.
Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh, etc.) Sanford at 11:30 a. m. and arrives at Greensboro 5:40 p. m.
Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 p. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 3:40 p. m.
JNO. M. ROSE,
General Passenger Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, General Superintendent.
nov 26-tf

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE
TAYLOR'S
CHEROKEE REMEDY



OF SWEET GUM & MULLEIN.
The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and relaxes the child to throw off the false membrane in cases of whooping-cough. When combined with the healing and balmy mullein principle in the mullein plant of the old fields presents in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY an every day expectorant. Measures the finest known remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough and Consumption; and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. And never before in the history of Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Children Teething. For sale by all druggists. 25c. and $1. WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.
Use DR. BIGGERS' HUCKLEBERRY CORDIAL for Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Children Teething. For sale by all druggists.
Sept. 3, 1885.